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PHOTOPLAY

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JANUARY



BARBARA STANWYCK
BY PAUL HESSE

TWO GREAT MAGAZINES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE
RESOLUTIONS THE STARS SHOULD MAKE by Hedda Hopper



BRENDA MARSHALL
Starring in
"THE SMILING GHOST"
a Warner Brothers Picture

All set for compliments with

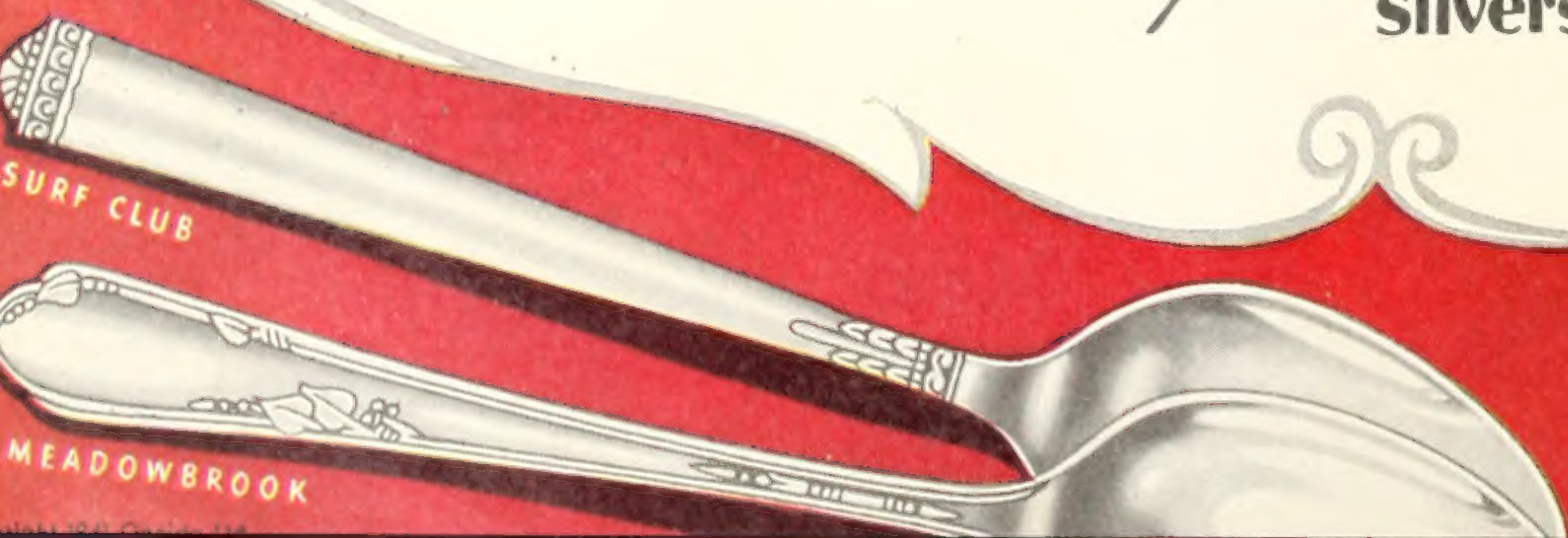
THE SILVERWARE SERVICE of the STARS. All the glamour isn't in Hollywood! Back east... up north... down south — up-and-coming young Americans are glamorizing their tables with the selfsame lovely silverware their favorite stars select. Your silverware dealer will show you that this is much, much easier than you'd believe... for just think of it — services start at \$19.95 and Planned Payments can make your choice — yours TODAY!

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Beauty may not be your Birthright

BUT HEADS WILL TURN .. if your Smile is Right!

There's magic in a lovely smile! Help yours to be sparkling — with Ipana and Massage.

LOOK about you, plain girl! The most popular girl isn't always the prettiest girl. It's true in the world of the stage and screen—it's true in your own small world.

Heads do turn—eyes do follow—hearts do respond—to even the plainest face if it flashes a winning, glamorous, sparkling smile.

Make your smile your beauty talis-

man. Keep it as enchanting as it should be. Help it to be a smile that wins for you the best that life has to give. But remember that, for a smile to keep its brightness and sparkle, *gums must retain their healthy firmness.*

"Pink Tooth Brush"—a warning!

If you ever see "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist right away.* It may not mean serious trouble, but let him decide. He may say simply that your gums need more work... the natural exercise denied them by today's soft foods.

And like thousands of dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana is specially designed, not only to clean teeth brilliantly and thoroughly but, with massage, to help firm and strengthen your gums.

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. Notice its clean, refreshing taste. And that invigorating "tang" tells you circulation is increasing in your gums—helping them to better health. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today.



"A LOVELY SMILE IS MOST IMPORTANT TO BEAUTY!"

say beauty editors of 23 out of 24 leading magazines

Recently a poll was made among the beauty editors of 24 leading magazines. All but one of these experts said that a woman has no greater charm than a lovely, sparkling smile.

They went on to say that "Even a plain girl can be charming, if she has a lovely smile. But without one, the loveliest woman's beauty is dimmed and darkened."

Start Today with
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

A Product of Bristol-Myers



'Tis the month
before Christmas
and all through
the movie houses
there are a lot of
wonderful films
to be seen.

★ ★ ★
This column is in
the present and

future tense. Since it is a Christmas issue, we will first talk about the present.

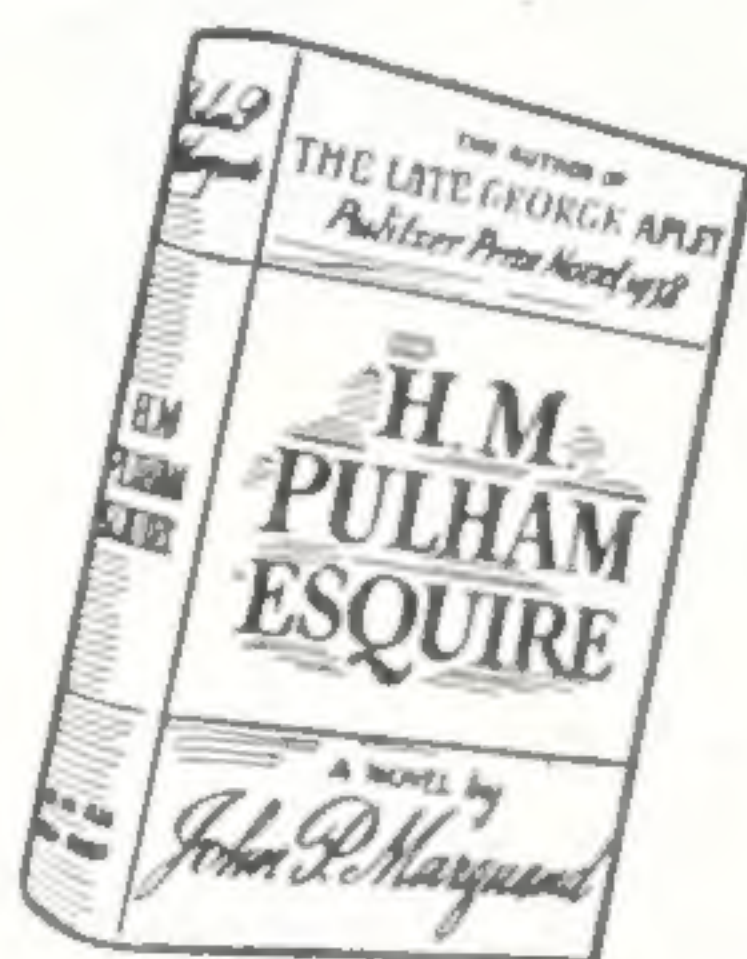
★ ★ ★ ★ ★
There is the Garbo picture. Of
"Ninotchka" caliber—debonair and
de-lovely.



It is called "Two-Faced Woman"—
practically a double feature in itself.

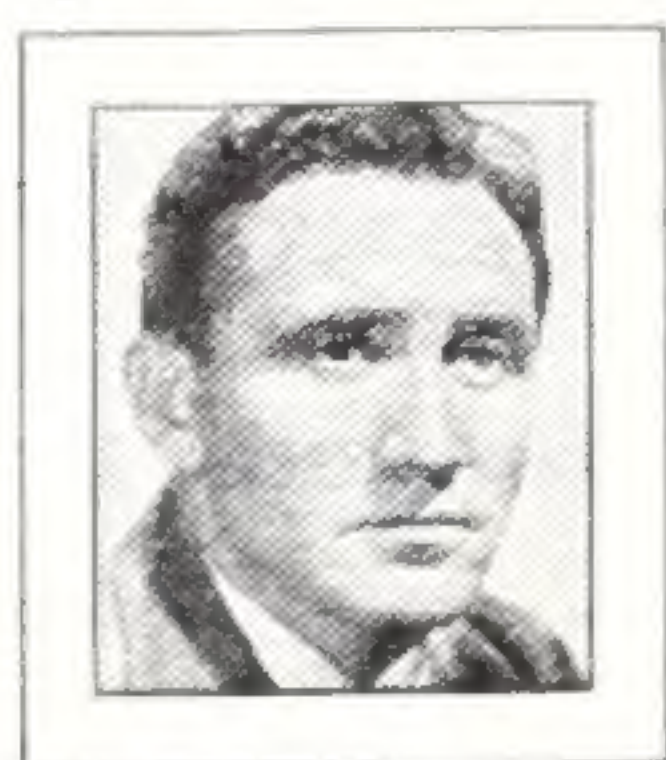
★ ★ ★ ★ ★
And every single feature of Garbo is
something to behold. Ask co-star
Melvyn Douglas.

★ ★ ★
Comes too, "H. M.
Pulham, Esq."—
which so many have
read. Hedy Lamarr
and Robert Young
step right from the
pages as the saying
goes.



★ ★ ★ ★ ★
"Panama Hattie", the famed Broadway
trip-hammer of hilarity, gives us more
Ann Southern hospitality and Red Skel-
ton's hornpipes of pandemonium.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
Spencer Tracy, the matinee and evening
idol, and Katharine Hepburn, who also
is no idle idol, appear in the picture of
the year.



Entitled "Woman of The Year".

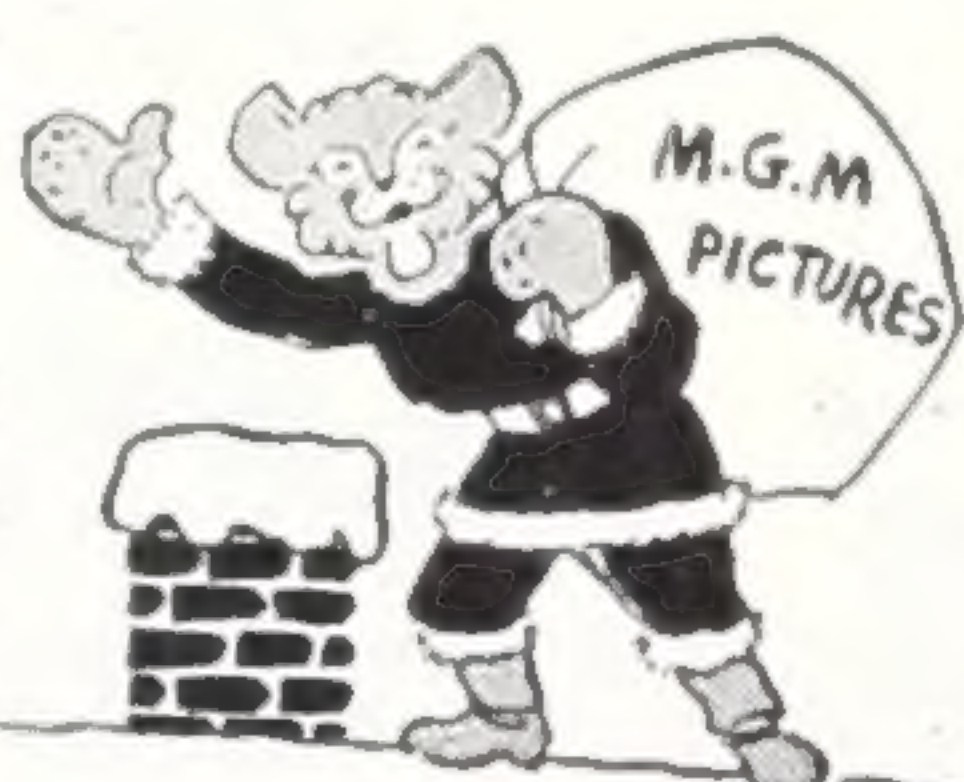
★ ★ ★ ★ ★
And then also on this Yule season list,
we're including "Babes on Broadway"
which we deliver with all sorts of golden
predictions of being something to dance
in the streets about.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
That is, the dancing in the streets will
be done after you've seen the dancing
in the theatre.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
It's all to the
merry, merry.

★ ★ ★
And at the same
time let us wish you
a happy, happy.

—Santa Lea



Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

PHOTOPLAY

combined with

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

**MOVIE
MIRROR**

HELEN GILMORE
Associate Editor

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COVER: Barbara Stanwyck, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse
Miss Stanwyck's ski suit designed by Lanz of Los Angeles

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THIS ABOVE ALL

we give you
as the high point
of our February issue.

Bright star of the fiction year,
this is above all about a man
and a girl in war, in escape,
in love.

In their lives you see the
struggle of a new world—
the deep moving passion they
both try to deny . . .

—the bitterness of the man
who survived Dunkerque to
say: "A man will die for his
own freedom and never com-
plain. But when his children
ache with hunger, he'll swap
it for a loaf of bread and call
it a better bargain . . ."

—the sublimity of the girl who
faces the coming of her baby
to say: "You're going to have
a better time of it than we
did. We're going to win this
war because we can stick it.
And then, God willing, we're
going to win the peace—for
you and the millions of others
like you to come . . ."

In Twentieth Century-Fox's
greatest 1942 love story star-
ring Tyrone Power and Joan
Fontaine—

THIS ABOVE ALL

Be Lovelier! So very Soon! Go on the CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET!



This lovely bride, Mrs. Alfred L. Powell of New York, N. Y., says: "I'm so devoted to the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet! I tell all my friends about this wonderful aid to loveliness."

Start this exciting course in beauty care! It's based on the advice of skin specialists—praised by lovely brides!

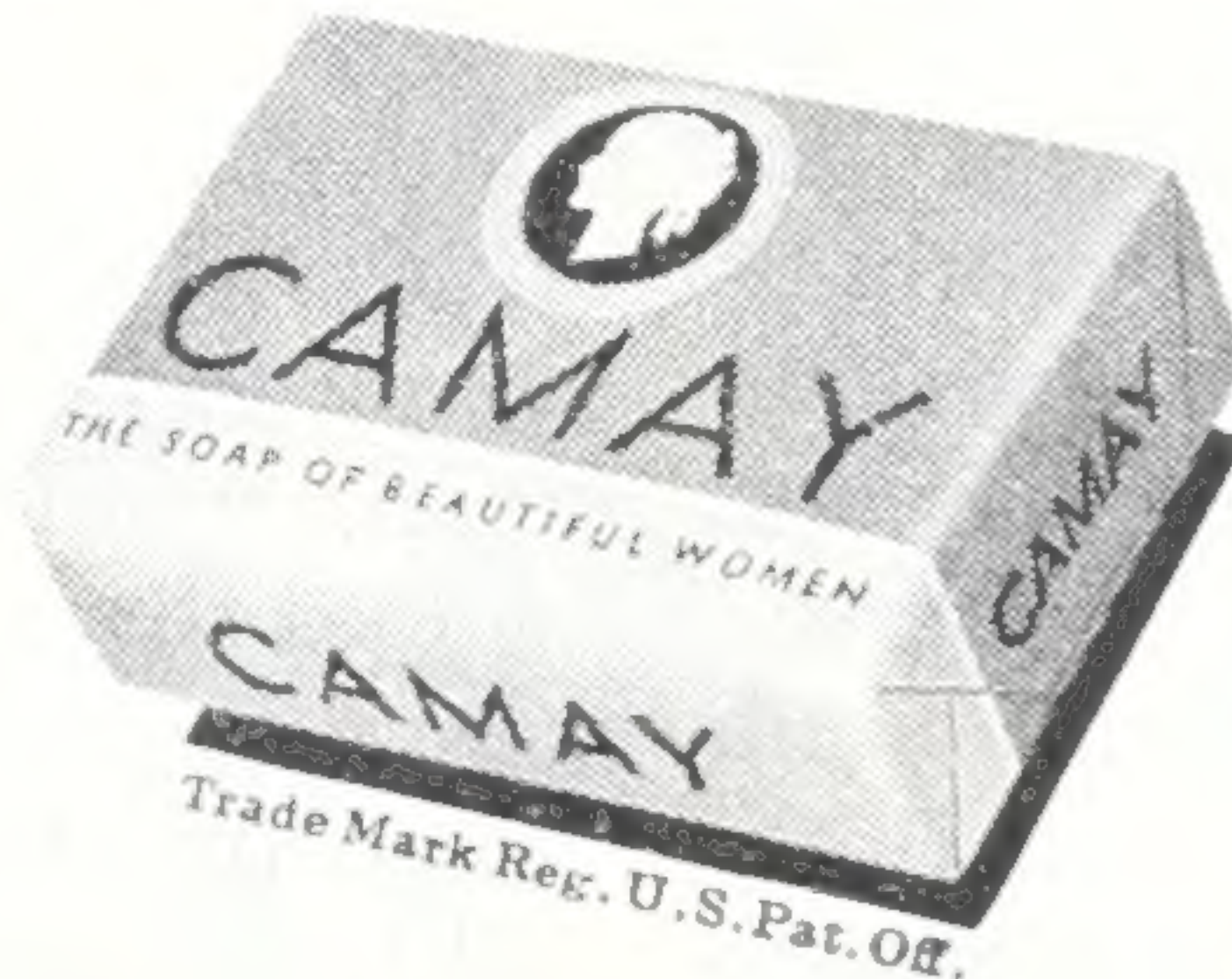
WHISPERED praises in the moonlight—"Your skin is so lovely to look at, so delightful to touch"... Every woman should hear these compliments. Do you?

If not, then the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet offers you a promise of new loveliness. For, unknowingly, you may be clouding the real beauty of your skin through improper cleansing. Or, like so many

women failing to use a beauty soap as mild as it should be.

Thousands of brides have found the key to loveliness in the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet. One such bride is Mrs. Powell who says: "My skin has reacted so beautifully to the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet I'd never try any other beauty treatment."

Skin specialists advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is milder than the 10 other famous beauty soaps tested. That's why we say "Go on the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet... TONIGHT!"



GO ON THE "MILD-SOAP" DIET TONIGHT!



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to the nose, the base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashing.



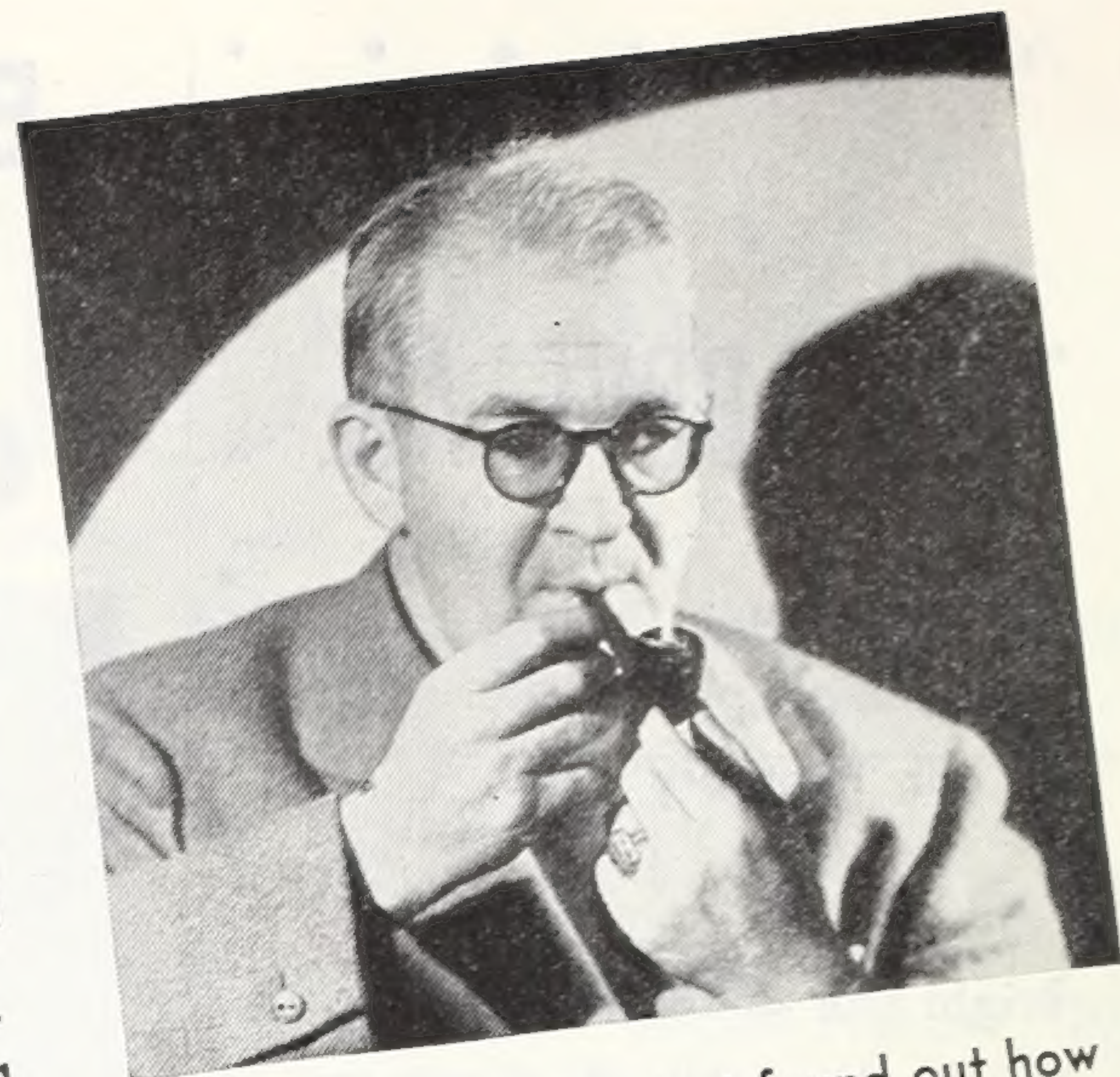
Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.



Hollywood is busy these days admiring Douglas Fairbanks Jr. for his new decision on career



Carole Lombard is a subject of current speculation. She's searching for a smash film; Hollywood wonders what price she may have to pay



The West Coast has just found out how John Ford did it—i.e., made "How Green Was My Valley" a winner

CLOSE UPS

AND LONG SHOTS



BY RUTH WATERBURY

THE speed with which the pattern of Hollywood is changing becomes more apparent with every passing day, this winter of 1941 . . . on "the projection room circuit" . . . that is, in the projection rooms in the private homes . . . the homes of the absolute top directors, of the really top stars, of almost every producer . . . in those projection rooms where movies are seen days and weeks and sometimes months before the public sees them and where many a star is born and killed . . . there, the current conversation is centering on John Ford . . . on Douglas Fairbanks Jr . . . on Betty Grable . . . on what may happen to Alice Faye . . . on the amazing case of Carole Lombard . . . and on the Bioff case . . . (everybody in Hollywood calls that one the Buy-off case, which was what it was supposed to be, only the "fix" didn't stick). . . .

Ah, weird and wonderful is the talk that goes round and round in those projection rooms. . . .

Since he has a hit ready and waiting, they talk first of John Ford, these nights . . . John Ford, who represents the spirit of artistic independence. . . .

You know him, of course, this sturdy, unfettered Irishman whose

real name is Sean O'Fearná . . . he who directed that most artistic of movies, "The Informer" . . . who a year ago made "The Long Voyage Home" and a season before that "Stagecoach" . . . and who in between made slick movies for Twentieth Century, notably "Grapes Of Wrath". . . .

Well, right now, Mr. Ford has finished "How Green Was My Valley" and it is a miracle . . . because, up until now when Mr. Ford did a picture at Twentieth, he washed his hands of it the moment he finished shooting . . . that is why a film like "Drums Along The Mohawk" could bear his name and yet emerge so undistinguished. . . .

For there is a rule, you see, at Twentieth Century that Darryl Zanuck, the studio head, can cut any picture any way he chooses . . . John Ford, the free man, wouldn't compromise . . . he would direct a picture just as his contract specified . . . but when it came to cutting them . . . either he cut them all by his own . . . or he had no part in the cutting of them . . . thus he cut none of his Twentieth Century pictures . . . but made them quickly and efficiently . . . then took his own money and went elsewhere to make the pictures he loved . . . and which he knew only a small audience would love, too. . . .

Then along came the story, "How Green Was My Valley" . . . Twentieth bought it . . . John Ford was assigned to direct it . . . and he couldn't be quietly businesslike about such a tale . . . he had to put all his imagination and heart and Irish emotionalism into

the telling of it . . . the result is such a beautiful, poignant film as happens very, very rarely. . . .

The projection room circuit sits back, wonders and marvels, at a story of Welsh mining life, done with a "B" cast turning out to look like a million dollars, and artistic yet. . . .

Then they marvel over Douglas Fairbanks Jr. . . . who is ceasing to be "young Doug" to them any longer . . . or merely the son of his father . . . or Joan Crawford's ex-husband . . . or Mary Pickford's stepson . . . but a handsome, intelligent, deeply sincere young diplomatist working for our country . . . giving up chances at fine roles . . . giving up the income he would get from them . . . because he wants to serve America in the way that our President has told him is the most helpful way that he can serve. . . .

Many of the inner circle Hollywood people have told Doug that they are proud of him for this . . . that they think he is doing a great thing not only for the United States but also for the movie business . . . proving through his own handsome person and through his clever brain that actors are people . . . that they are part of the average (Continued on page 65)

THE GREATEST MUSICAL COMEDY EVER FILMED !

Imagine! The funniest
guy on the screen, Bob Hope
—in Technicolor! Gorgeous dancing
star Zorina—in Technicolor! Victor Moore,
Irene Bordoni and a hundred lovely
Louisiana belles—in Technicolor! A mil-
lion laughs . . . scene after scene of
indescribable loveliness . . . all
yours, in the greatest musical
comedy ever filmed!



SONGS EVERYBODY DANCE ♪ YOU CAN'T BRUSH
ME OFF ♪ LOUISIANA PURCHASE ♪ IT'S A
LOVELY DAY TOMORROW ♪ WHAT CHANCE
HAVE I WITH LOVE ♪ I'M LONELY AND
YOU'RE LONELY ♪ FOOLS FALL IN LOVE

Music and Lyrics by **IRVING BERLIN**

Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS • Screen Play by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields • Based on the Musical Comedy by Morrie Ryskind • From a Story by B. G. DeSylva

"LOUISIANA PURCHASE" IS COMING SOON. ASK YOUR LOCAL THEATRE MANAGER FOR THE DATE!

A month ago the name Jean Wallace didn't mean much to Hollywood; today it's being spoken everywhere in exclamation-point tones. She's the girl who eloped with Franchot Tone; here they are at the Mocambo just two nights before they pulled the quickie



Left: These two always set flash bulbs popping; this Mocambo huddle of Paulette Goddard and Charles Chaplin set tongues wagging. Reason: They haven't been seen many places together lately

THEY'RE SIGNIFICANT

Inside Stuff

BY CAL YORK

The current spice of Hollywood life

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

TIDBITS: Hollywood is wondering if Deanna Durbin will follow in her producer husband's footsteps and leave Universal Studios, which has been Deanna's studio home since the time of her first picture. After all, Universal didn't do so badly for Vaughn Paul, who just two years ago was an assistant director trying to get along. He is now a producer and no longer at Universal. Young Paul has signed with RKO.

Friends applaud Alice Faye's deci-

sion to leave the screen for a year until after her expected baby is born. Alice and Phil Harris were remarried in Texas last month, just to make the tie stronger.

Connie Bennett is another prospective mother and husband Gilbert Roland couldn't be happier. Connie has one son by a former husband, the late Phil Plant.

Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond have set the ball rolling with a brand-new idea for our Uncle

Sammy's boys. They even have a name for their idea. They call it "Date Leave." Every other Sunday Gene and Jeanette telephone the U. S. O. in Los Angeles, who select ten or twelve boys from any branch of the service, herd them into the Raymond station wagon and send them off for the day to the Raymond home. In the meantime, the Deans of Women of the University of Southern California and the University of California at Los Angeles select an equal

THEY'RE SIGNIFICANT

Left: This picture of Lou Costello and his wife means a lot to admiring Costello fans. This comment of Photographer Fink's means a lot more: "When Lou walked into the theater the whole place applauded—something I've never heard before." Below: A triple-entendre that's news: Mother Nell Pankey and father Joe Yule, her former husband, at Mickey Rooney's Coconut Grove birthday party



The implication of this bright picture is that Robert Stack is having fun on a date with Lana Turner at the Palladium. But wait till you hear his date record for this particular week: He took out Lana Turner, Ann Rutherford, Lana Turner, Sheila Ryan, Olivia de Havilland and Anne Gwynne on successive nights—in that order!

number of girls to be guests, with swimming, singing and much good eating the order of the day.

The boys, who are subject to much regimentation in camp, are not urged to participate in any games they do not feel like playing. Everything is left up to the boys and girls.

One or two of the lads have broken down and wept out their thanks, the loneliness and homesickness that have been dispelled by the kindness of the Raymonds.

Other Hollywood folk are following suit, welcoming boys into their homes, treating them to home-cooked food and, more important to the boys, making it possible for them to meet nice girls. And maybe you think the mothers of those boys aren't grateful!

Get Out Your Copybook, Ginger: Ginger Rogers' face is almost as red as her hair these days.

A few weeks ago Ginger went to Kansas City to visit relatives and

while she was there she paid a visit to the Benton Grammar School where she learned readin', writin' and 'rithmetic. (Incidentally, Walt Disney went to the same school a couple of years before Ginger.) Of course, la Rogers' visit was a sensation and she autographed text books right and left. Imagine her surprise, then, to receive a letter from the principal after her return to Hollywood:

"Dear Ginger: We loved having you here and we are proud of you. But

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



your handwriting is still terrible—and now all the youngsters are trying to copy it. So from now on, don't autograph any text books for us!"

Lookie, Skyscraper Girls: There have been other tall girls in movies, but never one that has caught the attention of fans as has Alexis Smith. So, to meet the flood of letters from up-in-the-air fans, Alexis has organized a 'Tall Girls' Club for girls over five-foot-seven throughout the country. Letters are sent by Alexis to members with nuggets of pure-gold suggestions.

For instance, Alexis' suggestions in her first letter dealt with the problem of shorter escorts. Some of her tip-offs were:

1. Always let him take your arm. Never take his.
2. Wear small-crowned hats.
3. Stand straight up.
4. Don't gaze down at him while dancing. You can always keep your eyes closed and it's more flattering to him.
5. Don't wear large-brimmed hats. It's hard enough for him to see around you without obstacles.

Pretty good advice, eh, girls? If you're interested, why not write Alexis at Warner Brothers and get on her mailing list? And happy dating to you all.

Cal's Chitchat: We have Betty Grable's word for it, there is no feud between her and Carole Landis. "The fact I go to my dressing room between scenes on the set does not mean I am feuding with anyone. Nor does it mean I am high-hat. The whole thing is ridiculous."

Maybe, but those two lovely blondes, Carole and Betty, are not the closest of friends, either. Take our word for it.

Since her separation from Roger Pryor, Ann Sothorn is the belle of the ball, with Cesar Romero, Ann, John Howard and Hedy Lamarr a happy quartette. Robert Sterling is a bidder for Ann's attention, too.

This started something in Hollywood: Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond's "Date Leave" party for service men and co-eds

Barn-dancing, cheek to cheek version: the George Murphys in old-fashioned gear and modern mood at the West Side Tennis Club

Ham-and-corn close-up of Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert in a back-to-the-farm movement at the Tennis Club barn dance



The premiere of "Sundown" was the occasion for the biggest party of the month. Joan Bennett acted as hostess, as husband producer Walter Wanger was called to New York on business at the last moment. Ciro's was jammed from roof to rafters, with practically everyone in Hollywood on hand. As usual, Marlene Dietrich created a riot in a mile-high (or so it seemed) hat dripping with ermine tails. More ermine tails and Jean Gabin dripped from the sides.

Patricia Morison has an idea that's catching on like wildfire. It's called the "Invite a soldier for Christmas dinner" movement and already Pat has twenty-seven boys lined up in twenty-seven homes for a Merry Christmas.

Say It Right: Take Hedy Lamarr's name. It's Haydee, and not heady, please. And Charles' name is Boy-yay, which at least is close enough to the French pronunciation to make Monsieur Boyer happy.

The handsome Nils Asther is Neels Astor and Nelson Eddy's new leading lady is Rees-ay Stevens, and not Rise as in Rise and Shine.

There are three syllables to Dietrich's first name. It's Mar-Lan-a, to rhyme with "I have a pain-a." Miss Turner's first name, on the other hand, is La-nah, to rhyme with Hannah.

And as for Jean Gabin, the French actor, he's called everything from G to V. According to his studio, it's
(Continued on page 12)

What to do when you feel a COLD coming on

WHEN you start to sniffle . . . when you feel a chill . . . or get a dry, rasping irritation in your throat, it's time to act—and act fast! *A cold may be getting you in its grip.* What can you do to ward it off?

Unfortunately, in spite of all the time and money spent on studying the condition, there is no known positive specific. Certainly, we would not classify Listerine Antiseptic as one. Yet tests made during ten years of intensive research have convinced us that this safe, pleasant-tasting germicide often has a very marked effect.

Over and over again these tests have shown that those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had *fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than those who did not.*

Kills Germs Associated with Colds

The reason for this success, we believe, must be that Listerine Antiseptic kills vast numbers of germs on mouth and throat surfaces . . . so called "secondary invaders" which, according to many authorities, are largely responsible for the distressing manifestations of a cold. Listerine Antiseptic kills these germs by the millions, before they can invade the delicate membrane and aggravate infection.

Tests Showed Outstanding Germ Reductions on Tissue Surfaces

Clinical "bacteria counts" showed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7% even 15 minutes after gargling with Listerine Antiseptic . . . up to 80% an hour after the gargle.

Isn't it sensible, then, to use Listerine Antiseptic promptly and often to help combat a sore throat and keep a cold from becoming troublesome?

We do not pretend to say that Listerine Antiseptic so used will *always* head off a cold or reduce its severity once started. But we do say that it has had such a fine record in so many test cases that it is entitled to consideration as a reputable first aid.

Get the habit of gargling with full strength Listerine Antiseptic morning and night; and if you feel a cold coming on, increase the frequency of the gargle and call your physician.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE for COLDS and SORE THROAT

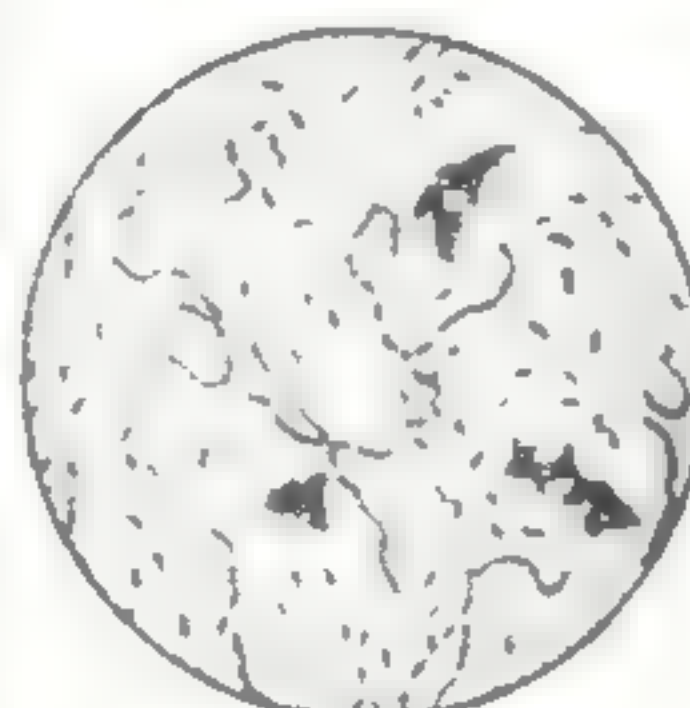


1 Go to bed at once, take a mild laxative if your doctor advises it. Drink plenty of water and fruit juices. Eat lightly.



2 Gargle with Listerine Antiseptic, full strength, every three hours. Listerine kills millions of germs on mouth and throat surfaces before they can invade the delicate membrane and aggravate infection.

NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS



BEFORE

The two drawings illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.



AFTER



3 At night, take a hot bath, or at least a hot foot bath, before getting into bed. Cover up with plenty of extra blankets to "sweat the cold out of your system."



4 Don't blow your nose too hard. It may spread infection to other parts of the head. Sterilize used handkerchiefs by boiling. Paper napkins should be burned.

**WATCH
YOUR THROAT**

WHERE ILLNESS OFTEN STARTS

GENUINE DU PONT
"LUCITE"
ILLUMINATOR

LISTERINE THROAT LIGHT

ONLY **75¢** BATTERIES INCLUDED



After-ceremony grins: Loretta Young, best man Cary Grant, bride Rosalind Russell, bridegroom Fred Brisson, Barbara Hutton, Frank Vincent, Charlotte Wynters

(Continued from page 10)
Ja Ga-ba, which sounds like so much jabberwacky to old Cal.

Guess we'll just call him "Dietrich's boy friend" and let it go at that.

The twenty-five-year-old genius of the movies and theater, Laird Cregar (Hollywood is raving over his performance in the stage play of "The Man Who Came To Dinner"), is a bit upset over the way his last name is manhandled. It's pronounced "Kregar," to rhyme with "Cigar." Bette Davis' first name is pronounced "Betty," not "Bet" as Bob Hope seems to insist over the air.

The luscious Rita Hayworth is Reeta and Dottie's last name sounds like Lamooore and that fascinating villain, Conrad Veidt, answers to Vite and Gene's unmarried name is pronounced "Teer-nee." Her husband's first name is Oleg, with the accent on the O. "Casseenee" comes nearest to Cassini. And Franchot's name is pronounced "Franshow."

Any other name that's been stumping you or your friends?

Bob Hope—the Author: Far be it from us to turn book reviewer (Cal Clifton Fadiman York), but we can't resist the temptation to talk about Bob Hope's new book in which Bob refers to the Academy Award Oscars as "Frozen Quiz Kids."

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Yes sir, Hopeless Hope has certainly penned himself a tome you fans will adore. Bob's book is different, too. In fact, it's the only one written that has a wait after every sentence for the laughs.

Bob's Book-of-the-Mumps (you can't eat a pickle while reading it) may never touch "Berlin Diary" for sales, but if it ever fell into the hands of an enemy it would confuse him into submission. In case of combat we suggest dispensing with pamphlets and dropping Bob's book in the enemy's general direction. General Direction would give up at once.

It begins with a Bing and ends with a bang. Crosby writes the introduction—as if scoop-chin Hope needs an introduction!

Bob begins by saying, "There was a great deal of excitement at the little house next door to the Barretts of Wimpole Street. My best friend was

having a baby. Me. London and my father were very foggy that night!"

To quote at random: "I was such a beautiful baby. My parents had me kidnapped twice a week just so they could see my picture in the papers . . . I used to cry so much they had to diaper me on both ends . . . My father was the proud father of seven boys. In fact, he was the Bing Crosby of his day."

Yes sir, Mr. Hope has written himself one long streamlined gag, one that will take you roaring away from what ails you. Anyway, if the humor doesn't get you the illustrations will. We're still laughing.

Roz takes a Bridegroom! Roz Russell up and did it! Hollywood's most famous bachelor girl gladly and willingly gave up all claim to the title when she married her agent, Fred Brisson. Rosalind's marriage had been rumored and threatened for some time, with Roz repeatedly denying the rumor.

Then, a few days after her mother in the East announced her daughter's engagement, Roz and Freddie traveled up to the historic Santa Ynez mission in the little Danish community of Solvang, California, and in company with their close friends were married.

Cary Grant made a handsome best man. As one guest whispered, it

must seem queer to Cary, who has been Roz's screen husband several times, to see his screen wife become the bride of another. And what a lovely bride Roz made, in her simple white Danish-type gown. Actress Charlotte Wynters (actor Barton MacLane's wife) was matron of honor.

After the ceremony the guests were treated to something new in wedding receptions—a picnic on the mission grounds, under the live oaks. Around the tables, decorated in Danish (the groom is a Dane) and American flags, sat Mr. and Mrs. William Powell, the Nigel Bruces, the Herbert Marshalls, Barbara Hutton, Mildred Crawford, Roz's stand-in, her two sisters and their husbands and her mother. The bridegroom's parents were also present.

It must be all of ten years ago that a tall lanky boy called Freddy Peterson roamed around the Paramount Studios at loose ends with himself and everybody else. "Oh, that's Carl Brisson's brother," was the way Hollywood dismissed him. Mr. Brisson, the Danish prize fighter who had turned actor, was doing his best to catch America's fancy at the time.

Then Freddy went away and people forgot him until one day, a few years ago, he came back in Hollywood as an agent. His name was now Freddie Brisson—he'd really been Carl's son all the time, but for publicity reasons, it had been thought best to deny it. Freddie, charming, ingratiating, seemed to have found himself. He also found Rosalind Russell—as a client.

Cal wonders if others, too, remember that rather lost bewildered boy, who has now married Hollywood's most sophisticated glamour girl.

It's a funny world and Cal hopes it will always be a wonderful one to Roz and Freddie.

(Continued on page 73)

The men will look at Marlene Dietrich at Ciro's; the ladies will spot the ermine-tail scarf and hat and, incidentally, Jean Gabin



MILITARY BOOTS

—Style stolen from a Sergeant, Chevrons and all! Pull on very easily over any shoe! Heels to fit brogans—cuban-heeled street shoes—and dressy types, sporting "spikes." Choose the boots that suit the heels *you* use!



Military Boot
by
B. F. Goodrich

*Man-styled boots
to wear over
all your shoes!*

LASSO BOOTS—Rubber boot style for the ladies, filched from a cowboy! The picture of real range boots, too, in leather-like finish and "tooled" leaf design—(thanks to the patented Textran process.) MADE IN HEEL HEIGHTS TO FIT ANY SHOE—FROM "FLATS" TO "SPIKES"!

Lasso Boot
by
B. F. Goodrich



The SHADOW STAGE

REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding



A film to remember: Maureen O'Hara, Walter Pidgeon in "How Green Was My Valley"



Drama plus beauty: Loretta Young and Dean Jagger in "The Men In Her Life"

✓✓ How Green Was My Valley (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: The story of a boy's life in a Welsh mining town.

HERE is something we can shout about, weep over, love forever and forget never.

John Ford has won himself a star, if not an Oscar, for his beautiful direction of a story narrated by a man who tells of his boyhood in a little Welsh coal-mining town.

Poignantly tender, at times sonorously deafening in its emotional thunder, it never once gets out of tone, out of harmony, out of atmosphere.

Marching through the tale is the father, Donald Crisp, and the mother, Sara Allgood, with their brood of boys, among them Patric Knowles, John Loder and little *Huw*, played by Roddy McDowall with unbelievable understanding. Maureen O'Hara is the beautiful daughter.

Walter Pidgeon, as *Mr. Gruffydd*, the preacher, gives his best performance to date. In fact, it is impossible for us to find a single flaw in this spellbinding picture.

Your Reviewer Says: An Academy Award Contender.

The Best Pictures of the Month

How Green Was My Valley
Dumbo
Target For Tonight
Hot Spot
The Maltese Falcon
Appointment For Love

Best Performances

Walter Pidgeon in "How Green Was My Valley"
Roddy McDowall in "How Green Was My Valley"
Donald Crisp in "How Green Was My Valley"
Maureen O'Hara in "How Green Was My Valley"
Sara Allgood in "How Green Was My Valley"
Laird Cregar in "Hot Spot"
Loretta Young in "The Men In Her Life"
Conrad Veidt in "The Men In Her Life"
Humphrey Bogart in "The Maltese Falcon"
Sydney Greenstreet in "The Maltese Falcon"
Mary Astor in "The Maltese Falcon"
Charles Boyer in "Appointment For Love"
Margaret Sullavan in "Appointment For Love"

✓ The Men In Her Life (Columbia)

It's About: The loves in the life of a famous ballerina.

LORETTA YOUNG attempts to carry on her frail shoulders the burden of a dated story that carries no other name so strong as her own. She does nobly with the story material at hand and is aided by some strong masculine support. Conrad Veidt is marvelous as the retired dancer who takes the raw but ambitious young Loretta in hand and makes of her a world-famous ballerina. In gratitude Loretta marries him when he confesses his love, renouncing the man of her own heart, John Shepperd.

Young Mr. Shepperd is a handsome newcomer, radiating the kind of appeal that women respond to. Dean Jagger, as a staid American millionaire and father of Loretta's baby, seems uneasy in his role. Little Ann Todd, as the child, is wide-eyed with the wonder of it all. Eugenie Leontovich and Otto Kruger are outstanding in their roles. It's an odd, out-of-the-way film, with drama and beauty that cannot be ignored.

Your Reviewer Says: Portrait with a soul.

FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES SEE PAGE 85

✓ Hot Spot (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *The solving of a New York murder.*

TWENTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD Laird Cregar is one of the finest actors in the business, or else why do we still have those goose pimples? As the schizophrenic detective with the flat dull voice that carries more menace than a sack of dynamite, Cregar is the most enormous (and we mean it) scary-cat in movies. The incongruous catch to the whole business is that Cregar is the detective on the side of law and order, in search of the murderer and not—but wait.

The story has Victor Mature, a New York promoter, deciding to make a glamour gal of hash slinger Carole Landis. His two friends, ex-actor Alan Mowbray and columnist Allyn Joslyn, aid and abet Mature in his project until glamour gal Landis, who succeeds beyond their wildest dreams, gets herself erased, as our gangster friends say.

Betty Grable, sister of Carole, and Mature immediately become suspects and, while thrown together in their troubles, discover they love each other. Relentlessly pursued by Cregar, the pair hides like animals until their capture and the surprising climax.

It's a pip of a little picture, moving fast, piling up suspense and gathering no moss as it rolls. Taken from Steve Fisher's book, it lacks the title of "I Wake Up Screaming!" Why the change, we'll never know.

But that great, big Cregar Boy! Mama, turn the light on quick.

Your Reviewer Says: A chiller, a killer, a diller.

✓ Appointment For Love
(Universal)

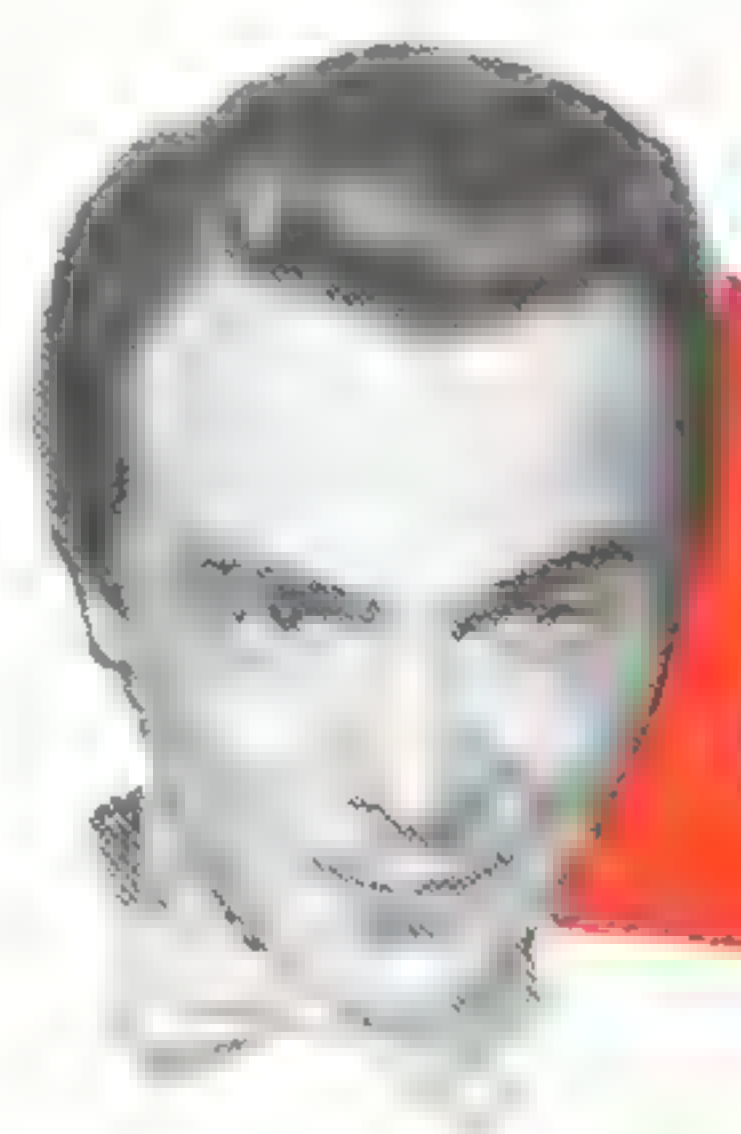
It's About: *The honeymoon troubles of a professional woman and her author husband.*

BOYER at his smoothest. Sullavan at her slickest, movies at their trickiest; a combination difficult to beat and who would want to?

Never has Monsieur Charles so strongly merited his number-one lover rating, as the playwright who marries the successful doctor, Margaret Sullavan. Immediately after the marriage, Dr. Sullavan puts into practice all her scientific theories concerning love and marriage by taking her own apartment five floors above her bridegroom's.

Boyer tries every possible scheme to woo her downstairs. She fails to become jealous (that's only a secretion from the *(Continued on page 79)*)

THE LIFE AND LOVES OF AN EXCITING WOMAN!



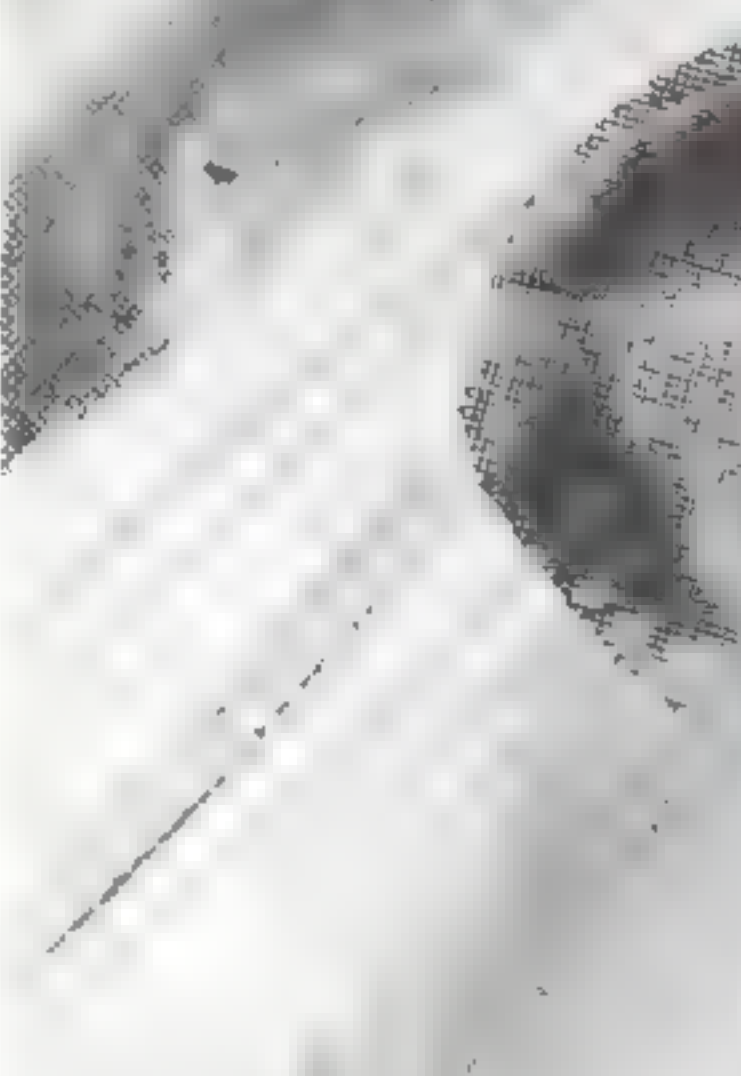
DAVID...
her pulses throbbed...



ROSGING...
she learned from him...



ROGER...
her heart glowed...



VICTOR...
their devotion!



With
CONRAD VEIDT • DEAN JAGGER
JOHN SHEPPERD • OTTO KRUGER • EUGENIE LEONTOVICH

Based on a novel by Lady Eleanor Smith • Screen play by Frederick Kohner, Michael Wilson, Paul Travers
Directed by GREGORY RATOFF • A GREGORY RATOFF PRODUCTION • A COLUMBIA PICTURE

GREAT FAMILIES
make great pictures!

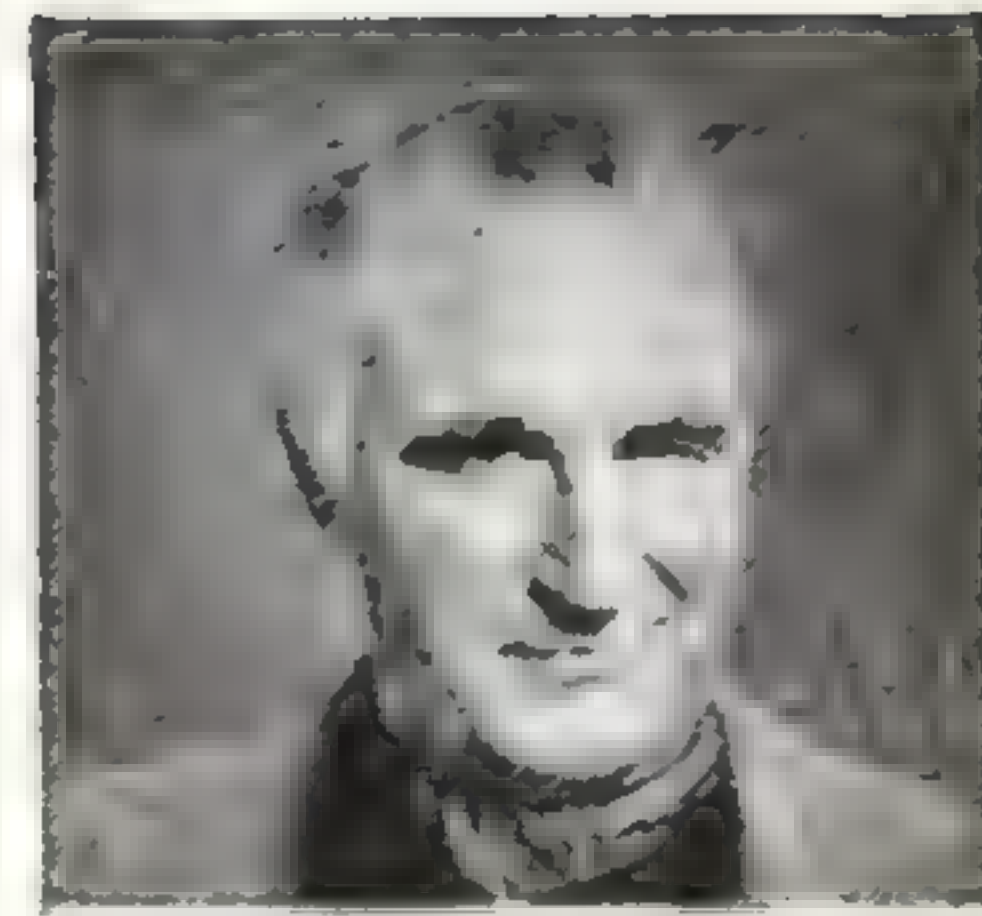


WALTER PIDGEON
as GRUFFYDD

from the days of "THE BIRTH OF A NATION" and "CIMARRON"... through "CAVALCADE" and "BEAU GESTE"... down to "THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD," "THE GRAPES OF WRATH" and "GONE WITH THE WIND"...

great families make
GREAT PICTURES!

...and now to the screen comes the brave story of a family never conquered—not by armed men or hardship, hunger or hate—nor by the turbulent years that stole the greenness from their valley.



DONALD CRISP
as GWILYM MORGAN



MAUREEN O'HARA
as ANGHARAD



PATRIC KNOWLES
as IVOR



ANNA LEE
as BRONWEN



RODDY McDOWALL
as HUW



SARA ALLGOOD
as MRS. MORGAN



JOHN LODER
as IANTO

Twentieth Century-Fox presents

Richard Llewellyn's

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY

with

WALTER PIDGEON • MAUREEN O'HARA • DONALD CRISP

ANNA LEE • RODDY McDOWALL

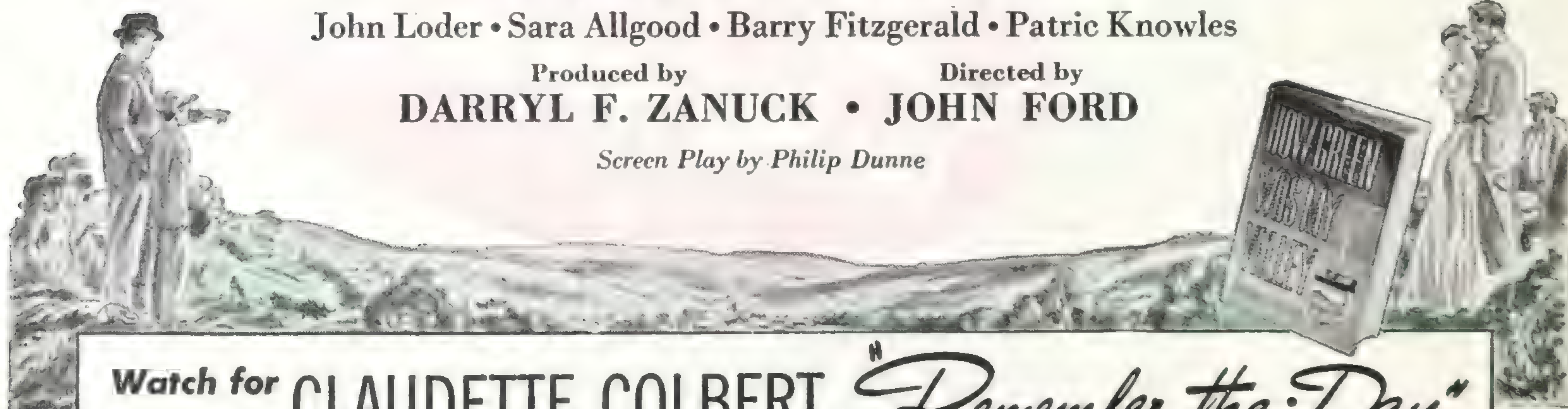
John Loder • Sara Allgood • Barry Fitzgerald • Patric Knowles

Produced by

DARRYL F. ZANUCK • JOHN FORD

Directed by

Screen Play by Philip Dunne



Watch for **CLAUDETTE COLBERT** in *Remember the Day*



The Chances We Take

NO magazine can hope to be infallible, can hope to avoid occasional errors and inconsistencies. This is particularly true of magazines which deal in personalities, and thus are frequently affected by the vagaries of temperamental human beings.

As I have told you before on this page, PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR prides itself on trying to be the most up-to-the-minute source of Hollywood information. Although a magazine bringing you beautiful colored pictures best printed by the complex rotogravure process cannot hope to be as timely as a newspaper or a news magazine, we count upon our sources and the sources of our writers to bring you the important stories first.

But, believe me, we have to take chances. Why? Well, let me give you an example:

Quite some time before the news broke in the papers that Stirling Hayden was going to quit Hollywood, one of our most reliable sources gave me this information and offered a story explaining why Hayden was taking the step. You have heard all the suspicions: a publicity stunt, a strike to get better salary, maybe even a momentary whim that would blow over. I was in Hollywood and covered all possible sources of information. Helen Gilmore in New York did the same. We learned beyond a shadow of a doubt that Stirling Hayden meant it. But what if it were a momentary mood, blown away by the first gust of a changing wind?

Well, that was a chance we had to take and, in taking it, rely only upon our instinct of why people do things—and when. It was not until weeks later in my office in New York that I was actually able to look into the clear, determined eyes of Stirling Hayden and know definitely that it was no momentary mood.

Sometimes we are not so fortunate. Several months ago we published "Round-up of Romances," in which Rosalind Russell stated emphatically, "I'm not going to elope, no matter what the newspapers say." Well, she didn't elope, but her statement to Ruth Waterbury, most reliable of Hollywood editors and reporters, definitely gave you the impression that she did not intend to marry Fred Brisson at all. A few weeks later she was his bride.

Publishing Mrs. Brisson's (née Russell's) statement was a good bet. We took the chance. And lost.

But take the case of the romance of Ginger Rogers and George Montgomery, published in last month's issue. As you may recall, the story does not claim that George and Ginger are going to get married or that the relationship is anything more than a charming romantic friendship.

The behind-the-scene facts about that story are amusing:

When I received the manuscript, Ginger was not in Hollywood and her mother, Lela, one of the most honest and straight-shooting women I know, was at the new Rogers ranch in Oregon. Most of my pals in Hollywood were telling me that the romance had ended practically before it had begun (as they are still saying) and every evidence pointed to the desirability of "killing" the story. The phone rang. It was Lela Rogers, just returned from the ranch. I was leaving for New York that night, but somehow I must manage to verify the story. "When can I see you?" I asked Lela. "Tonight," she said. "But I'm leaving for New York," I replied. "I know," she said, "your office told me. Ginger and I are going East on the same train."

So in that case we didn't have to take a very big chance, for in the hours we all spent together I was able to verify the fact that George Montgomery had definitely proposed to Ginger and that their friendship was still on.

OF course, we cannot expect stars to continue indefinitely to be friends because they once said they were!

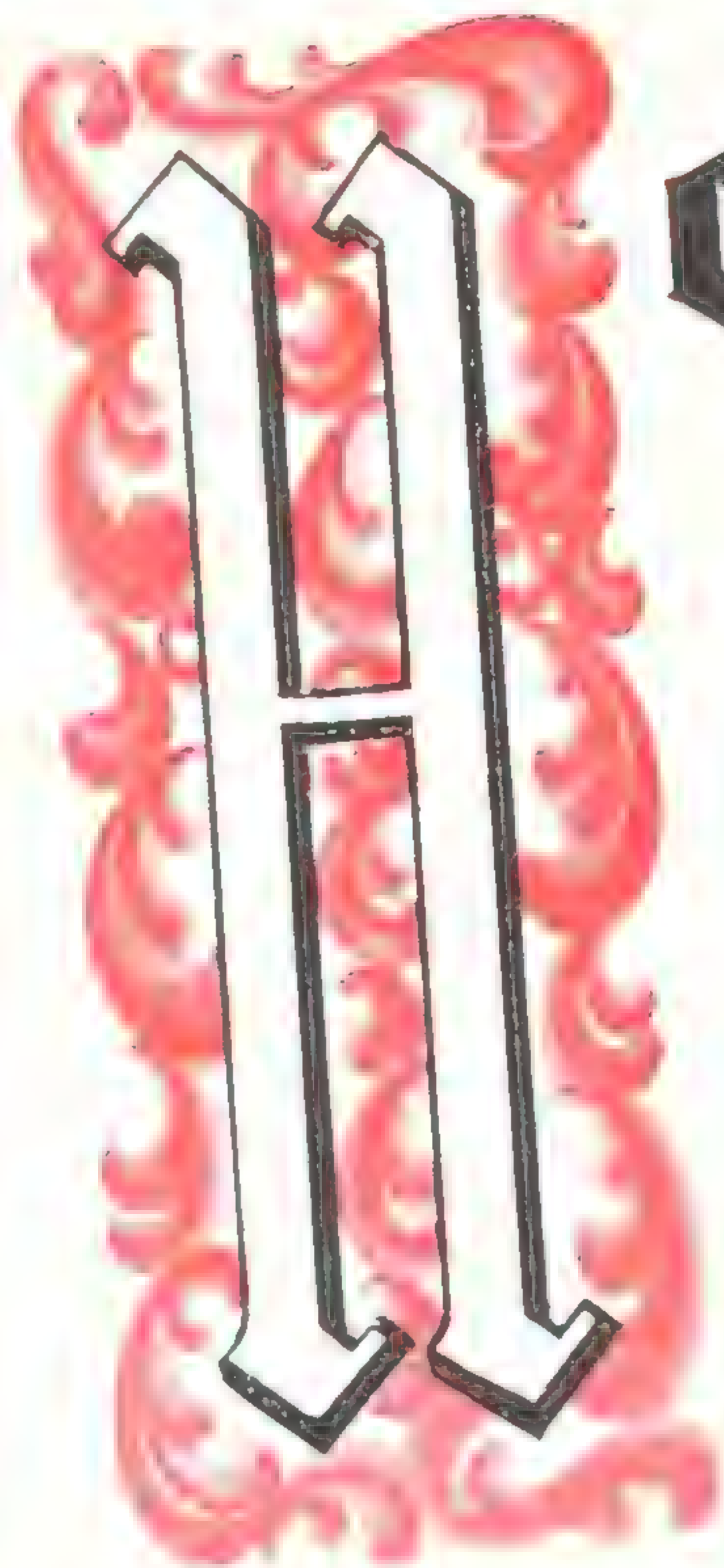
Nor can we expect them always to carry out their plans, since often fate makes them "gang a-gley."

You may remember the odd circumstance that attended Richard Greene's departure from these shores. Supposedly in Hollywood waiting for a commission in the Canadian army—and open to criticism for his actions—he was actually, according to a tip given us, in New York preparing to sail for England. We called the British shipping commission and although we could not verify it (war censorship, you know) the tone of the officer in charge gave us the clue to its truth. We took a chance there. And won.

The collective instincts of our staff told us—in the case of Alice Faye and Phil Harris—that they were not going to get married. But Sara Hamilton, our most energetic newshawk, insisted it was on the level. Doubting her judgment, we still took a chance, assigned her to an interview with Harris—and thanks to her superior instinct we had a scoop when the marriage was announced later.

So it goes. We can check the highest authorities. We can deal with only the most reliable writers, verify our sources and theirs. And still, somewhere along the line of getting a scoop, human nature being what it is, we usually have to toss a coin.

Ernest V. Heyn



Holiday Greetings

The nicest way we could think to wish
you a Merry Christmas and a Happy
New Year was to have your favorite stars
write their personal greetings to you

Happy Xmas

Jim Payson

A very Merry Xmas
Jane W. Gman

To the readers of
Photoplay-Movie Mirror
sincere season's

Greetings
Anne MacDonnell

Happy, Merry Christmas!
Olivia B. Haviland

Here's to happier days for
everyone... Greetings from
Ann Sheridan

Best wishes for a very
Merry Christmas
and a Happy New Year
Gay Cooper

Green
Helen
Linda

Merry Christmas and a Happy
New Year to the readers
of Photoplay-Movie Mirror
from another reader -
Janet Collins

Merry Christmas and clear sailing in 1942
Humphrey Bogart

Christmas wishes and
New Year's happiness to
"Photoplay-Movie Mirror" and
all its readers!

Carpent
1941.

A Merry, Merry Christmas and a glorious
New Year to Photoplay - Movie Mirror and
its readers from
Dorothy Lamour.

all my best for the holidays
Mickey Rooney

May a very happy
New Year follow a
joyous Christmas
for all -

Sincerely,
Deanna Durbin

Happiest Holiday Greetings
from "Melody Ranch"
Gene Autry
and "Champ"

Greetings! Warm
down as warm
for (Cecile)
Burdette

My thanks to
Photoplay - Movie Mirror
for this opportunity to
wish you all the
happiest of holidays

Sincerely
Lucille Ball

With every best wish
for a gay and
successful New Year

Betty Grable

My sincere greetings to you. I
hope this Christmas brings peace to so
many in this war-torn world

Maureen O'Hara

The best to you for '42

Carol Bruce

Well here's everything
you wish yourself on Christmas

Ronald Reagan

A great big wish to each
of you for a Merry Christmas
and a Happy Happy New
Year.
Love
Joan Carroll

All The Best
Of Everything at Christmas
John H. H. H.

Best Wishes
for
Happy Holidays
Alice Faye

RESOLUTIONS

the stars should make

Don't blame us — it's Hedda's own ideas of what Hollywood's 1942 intentions, honorable or dishonorable, should be. But wait till Cary Grant sees what she said!

BY HEDDA HOPPER



SEEMS incredible that resolution time has caught up with us again. This year's gone by faster than flit can catch flies. Some of my last year's resolutions haven't been digested yet, but I always say one good turn deserves another. So here goes, without malice, reservations, or pap.

If we ever have another investigation like the late lamented Washington Follies, I'm hoping the first person put on the witness stand will stand up, when accused of making propaganda pictures, and have courage enough to say, "Sure we made 'em. We make pictures to please all the people. And inasmuch as all our books, radio, short stories, newspapers were filled with the atrocities of Hitler, we put a few of them on the screen. What would you have us do—close our eyes and pretend a war isn't going on?" But when the public proved that they didn't want war pictures, no industry ever turned about-face more quickly to go into musicals, comedies, and give the public what it wanted. Let's stand up to our obligations and when accused of something we had every right to do, say, "Sure we did it. You can't shoot a man for aiming to please—or can you?"

Clark Gable should resolve to throw his influence to get Judy Garland



Judy Garland will clap her hands and agree with Hopper



His female fans will have to stop and give Boyer a chance



If you readers back up Hedda maybe Ginger Rogers will too



Tyrone Power: Darryl Zanuck should certainly know better



Spencer Tracy: At last we find out what he cut eyeteeth on

as co-star. Now that she's grown up and married, she's earned that right and I have a feeling her fans would applaud it. Sure, I know she's wonderful in musicals. She and Mickey Rooney in "Babes On Broadway" ooze so much talent they're frightening. But remember, Clark once did a song and dance—maybe he could learn to do another one, who knows? Failing that, Judy can go dramatic with him.

Let's hope Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond decide to team up again. "Smilin' Through" went over with a bang, after the producers had howled for years that you fans wouldn't like to see husbands kissing their own wives on the screen. Well, if they can't do a good job of it after so many rehearsals, who can?

In Ginger Rogers' busy schedule (gosh! she's wanted for every picture, seems to me. Yet only a few short years ago there were grave doubts that she could do drama) I wish she'd find time to squeeze in another picture with Fred Astaire, because the musicals they did together never yet have been topped by anyone.

Let's dig up another "Woman Of The Year" like Katharine Hepburn for Spence Tracy. He's proven in this that he's a better comedian than he was horror man in "Jekyll And Hyde." Why (Continued on page 83)



Joan Crawford will adopt more children if Hedda knows anything



Barbara Hutton won't be pleased at Hedda's tip to Cary Grant



Jean Arthur: She should agree, but will she?



Gene Raymond: The producers said you wouldn't but you did

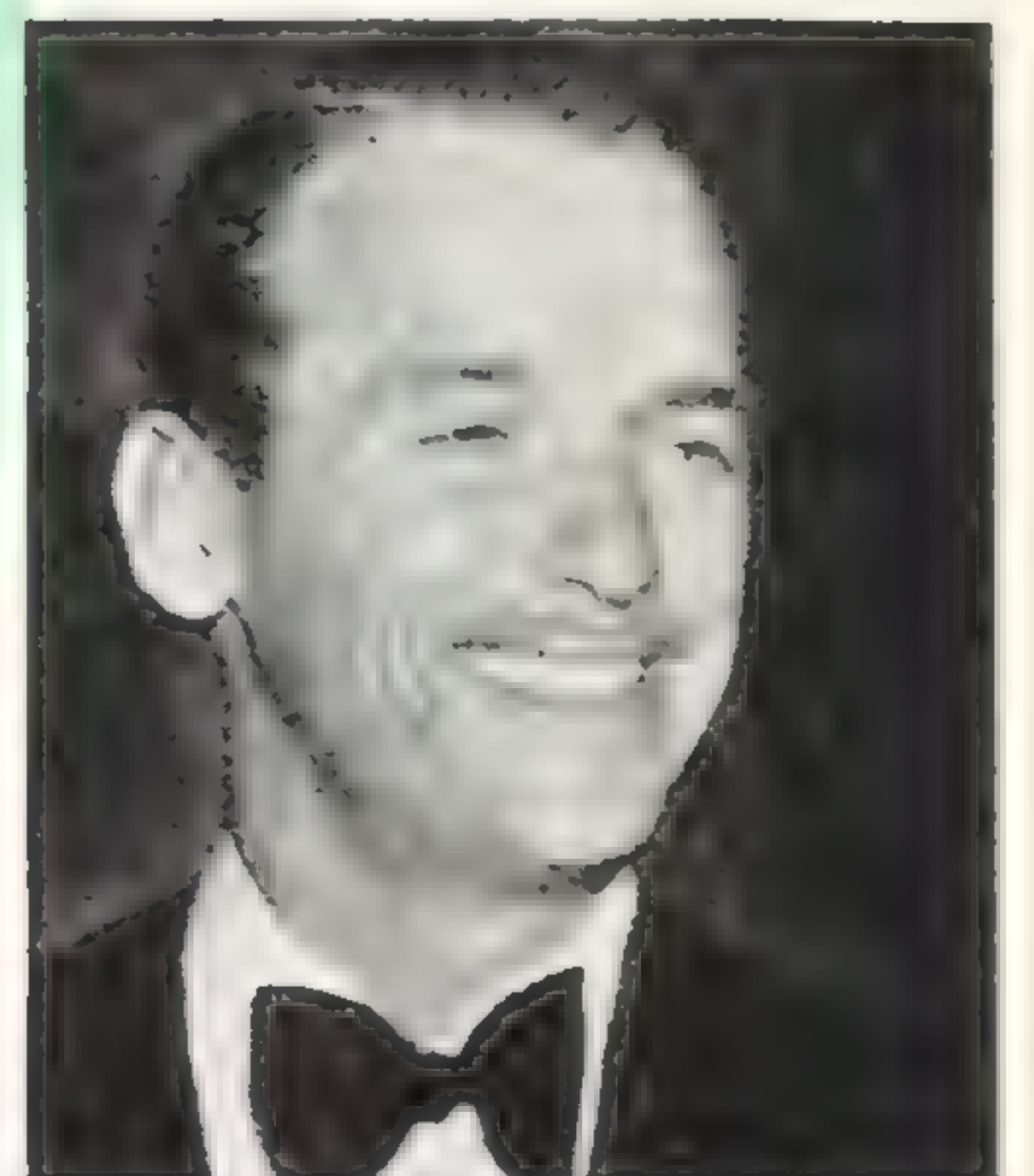
FLIGHT OFFICER

We are fortunate to be able to
bring you, with the permis-
sion of all concerned,
this fascinating, in-
timate letter from

Laurence Olivier



to



Douglas Fairbanks Jr.
and Mary Lee Fairbanks

Walking down a
London street: Laur-
ence Olivier and
wife Vivien Leigh



Olivier REPORTING

The letterhead bearing the name of the "land" ship mentioned below was removed by censors

Dearest Doug and Mary Lee-

c/o Admiralty, London

This is a fine time to take to thank you for your most generous thoughtfulness in sending us that cable about the Hamilton picture. It was terribly sweet of you - bless you both.

Duggie, we heard with great fondness and admiration of your gallant efforts on this country's behalf - your tireless loyalty to us is most wonderful, as there must be times when it is terribly difficult for you, and times when to say the least of it, it cannot have been to your advantage to be someone who has been so fond of us. Don't misunderstand me - we know how these things are, and we are filled with admiration for your courage - gratitude for your loyalty and pride for your friendship.

I can't give you my address as I may be moving soon - but the "ship" overhead is a "land" ship and one gets "shore leave" to go down the street to the post office. "Signals" instead of letters - and a little party of men waiting just inside the gate with their bicycles held stiffly behind them, is called a "liberty boat."

It's a good job and feels useful. I'm a pilot in an Air Gunmen Training Squadron and it's very good experience. I got my wings quite soon, which was a blessing and I hope to be promoted in a week or so.

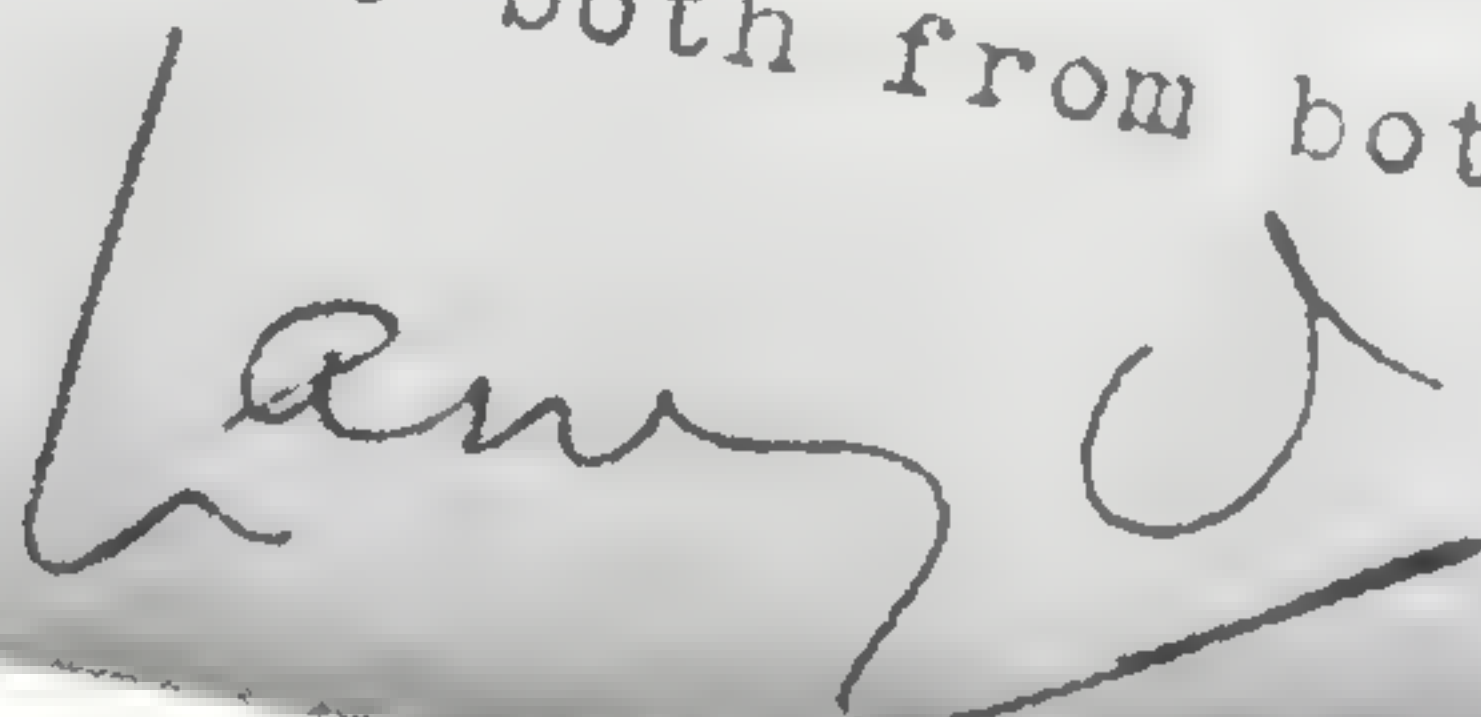
Viv, praise God, is with me and we live by the sea quite a few miles from work, to which I dash at a most ungodly hour (worse than pictures!) on a motor-bike! It's all so different as you may imagine! I worry very much for Viv the nights when I have to be away tho' God knows we've been lucky lately (famous last words!) and she's a model of tact with the officers' wives!

Anything that might bring about a separation is our constant dread. But by and large, I can't remember ever feeling such contentment. We get to London once or perhaps twice a month, and it's incredible how much one enjoys things which one has heretofore taken for granted!

It sounds an odd thing to say but life really feels more peaceful than it ever did before!

Good-bye now, our dear friends. Our devoted love to all our pals - our beloved Colmans, the Bruces, the Hunters, Kanin, Cukor, George Sanders - and anyone and everyone we know if you happen to meet them.

With love to both from both -



For last minute news of what other Hollywood stars are doing in England please turn the page

Reported to have taken part in several successful raids on Occupied France: Major David Niven



Richard Greene, just given his commission in the tank corps, was one of the tireless actors who gave shows in air-raid shelters



America hailed Ralph Richardson in "The Citadel"; he's now in the British Navy



—AND THEY'RE OVER THERE TOO

OVER the air in England one night soon, from the British Broadcasting Company, will come a crescendo of "V's," tapped out in Morse code by the nimble feet of Fred Astaire. A night or two later the voice of Charles Boyer will be heard assuring embattled Britons that there are: "forty million Frenchmen with an English accent in their hearts."

The two programs are among the recordings which Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels, former American film stars, now England's favorite air entertainers, recently took back to London from a quick trip to Hollywood to enlist the support of film folk there in the British campaign to keep morale high.

Just how highly the English government values the aid to morale of stage, screen and radio entertainment is testified by the frequency with which many of the English actors in various arms of the service are released from their military duties long enough to do a play or picture.

David Niven, one of the first English actors to volunteer, is now a major in the parachute corps, and is reported to have taken part in several successful raids on Occupied France. But as important as this assignment is, he has just been borrowed from the Army by Leslie Howard to co-star with him in Howard's film production about the famous English fighting plane, the Spitfire. Howard, an officer in the first World War, was too old for military service in this one, but returned to England from Hollywood at the outbreak of hostilities to help keep British film production alive during the emergency.

Richard Greene, who recently won his commission in the tank corps, was given leave to make two films. Latest news from England reported that Greene had been ordered to South Africa with his tank unit.

Tall, droll Ralph Richardson who, through such pictures as "The Citadel" and "Four Feathers," was becoming almost as well known to American audiences as he was in his native England just before the war broke out, is a flight officer with the air arm of the British Navy. Shortly after Dunkerque, Richardson was reported to have been killed in action. This unhappy news later was denied and Richardson is still on duty with the fleet.

Another British matinee idol, who only recently has become well known over here, is Rex Harrison who made both "Major Barbara" and "Night Train" while on leave from the RAF. Harrison's latest contribution to the entertainment campaign is a stage production of "No Time for Comedy."

The production proposal most eagerly awaited by fans, "This Above All," co-starring Vivien Leigh and her husband Laurence Olivier, had to be abandoned as an English project and transferred to Hollywood where Tyrone Power and Joan Fontaine will do the starring roles. This was not because of wartime emergencies but because of Vivien's impending motherhood. By the time leave could be arranged for Olivier, it was too near January, when Vivien expects her baby.

Frame for Fame

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR'S

Exclusive

Color Portrait Series:

Bette Davis

Starring, via the brilliant CBS Sunday night coast-to-coast broadcasts, on the Gulf Screen Guild Theater; appearing in the Warners' picture, "The Man Who Came To Dinner"

page 25

Olivia de Havilland

Appearing in Warners' "The Male Animal"

page 27

The Ronald Reagans

Husband Ronald is now appearing in Warners' "Kings Row"; wife Jane Wyman in Warners' "You're In, The Army Now"

page 30

Charles Boyer

Appearing in Universal's "Appointment For Love"

page 32

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Bette Davis

"I FEEL LIKE A HEEL ABOUT ERROL"

says Olivia de Havilland

TO IRENE ZARAT



"They Died With Their Boots On" marks the turning point in their personal feelings

They were attracted to each other when they first met. Then things happened that made her call Flynn "a selfish brute." But now . . .



"Captain Blood" gave Livvie a good look at Flynn; she liked what she saw

OLIVIA was contrite, Olivia wanted to make amends, Olivia had learned the lesson preached by *John Doe*—"Don't condemn your neighbor, try to understand him." Olivia had condemned Errol Flynn. "He's a bad-mannered selfish brute," she'd stormed, not caring who heard her.

"Now I feel like a heel," she wailed. "Oh, not because I thought badly of Errol. We all make mistakes about people. But because I had to go yapping my head off to anyone who'd listen. In decency, I ought to round them all up and tell 'em I was wrong, but how can I?"

She looked so pretty in the period dress of "They Died With Their Boots On," the new Flynn-De Havilland opus, that you concentrated with difficulty on her distress. Distressed she unquestionably was, however. We suggested she tell the story for publication, easing her conscience, giving us a break and righting an injustice all at a single blow. We could call it "Livvie Done Errol Wrong."

"It's not funny, McGee," she said absently, thinking it over. Then—"All right, I'll do it. Call it 'With Apologies to Flynn.'"

Olivia thought she knew Errol. Off and on, over a period of eight years,

she'd played opposite him. They've been screen sweethearts, they've spent weeks on the same set, they've made personal appearances together, she's been charmed, bored and infuriated by him. She didn't think he could ever surprise her.

At seventeen Livvie captivated Max Reinhardt, audiences at the Hollywood Bowl and the Warner Brothers by her performance as *Hermia* in "Midsummer Night's Dream." Before going on tour with the play, she was signed by Warners. Flynn was signed in England at about the same time.

The Reinhardt company was playing Chicago when Livvie's phone rang one day. A Warner man calling. "There's a young Irishman coming through on his way to the coast. Since you're both under contract to Warners, how's about meeting him at the station and taking pictures together?"

Who, the Shakespearean actress? "Certainly not," Olivia said crisply, "it would be most undignified." She could almost feel Ellen Terry patting her on the back for upholding the traditions of the bard.

The tour ended, she returned to Hollywood for the screen version. She was green, she was shy, this was her first hop from under the maternal wing, she romanticized life and men.

On the set, when she wasn't working she'd go off to a corner and sketch. Once she felt eyes on the back of her head and turned to find that they belonged to a tall smiling young man who kept them on her with a transfixed expression which confused her, since she couldn't be sure whether he was flattering or making fun of her.

"Well—" she thought, and made a stab at going on with her sketch. Footsteps sounded behind her and the young man dropped on one knee at her side.

"I hope you don't mind my introducing myself. I'm Errol Flynn and I was supposed to meet you in Chicago. What's your telephone number?"

It really wasn't fair. Not with a child. All he needed was a lance and white charger and he didn't really need them. Hewing to her own line, however, the child didn't do so badly after all. "I never give my telephone number."

"Then you've got to have lunch with me tomorrow."

"I eat my lunch alone."

"You'll have it with me tomorrow, if it means I've got to knock a policeman down."

She lunched alone next day, wondering whether maybe a policeman had knocked. (Continued on page 74)



Olivia de Havilland

No runaway marriage for these two!



A pretty personal discussion of a very personal subject by Bonita Granville and her b.f., Jackie Cooper

BY KAY PROCTOR



Two, who say they won't, talk to two who did: Bun and Jackie with recent elopers Judy Garland and Dave Rose

BONITA GRANVILLE and Jackie Cooper both love pointless stories and thick red steaks. They both have quick tempers and a genius for saying the wrong thing at the wrong time. And they both believe, heart and soul, in old-fashioned weddings with all the romantic trimmings.

"No runaway marriage for me," said Bun.

"Elope? Not me," said Jackie.

Both were quick to point out it was their personal opinion they were expressing, not an indictment of recent Hollywood newlyweds who had chosen to dash off on sudden impulse to some distant town and surround the marriage ceremony with semisecrecy. If others like Judy Garland and Dave Rose, Gene Tierney and Oleg Cassini, Kathryn Grayson and John Shelton preferred eloping, then elopements certainly were right for them. It simply was a matter of how Bun and Jackie, as individuals, felt on the subject.

Immediately, too, they insisted they were speaking about marriage in general, not when, how, or even if they themselves get married. Not only have they never announced any marriage plans, Bun and Jackie said, but actually they never have made any such plans. Cross their hearts!

"It's silly to talk about marriage when we're not even old enough to vote," Jackie explained. "Seems to me it would be a smart idea if we finished this growing-up business first. After all, I've just turned nineteen and Bun's even younger.

We've got lots of time ahead of us."

"Check!" Bun amended. "And there's another reason—our careers. Each of us happens to be at a pretty important point in our professional lives. If we are to win the success we want, our first interest and consideration must be for those careers, not marriage. I don't believe you can get married and then say: 'Well, that's that; marriage will take care of itself so now I'll devote myself to my career.' Successful marriage doesn't work that way, particularly for a girl. It has to come first and neither of us is ready as yet to pigeonhole our screen work in a place of secondary importance."

Jackie grinned. "Lady," he said, "you said a smart mouthful!"

They do admit to being boy and girl sweethearts and have been for well over a year. Bun thinks Jackie is tops, even if he does squander his allowance in an atrocious fashion, and Jackie rates Bun as aces, even if she is disgracefully careless about being late for appointments. And maybe, when the time is right. . . .

BUN first met Jackie when she was a giggly fourteen, during the making of "White Banners." She got her first nod from him on her fifteenth birthday—a bottle of perfume for a birthday gift. It was expensive perfume, too, in keeping with Jackie's belief about doing things right if you do it at all. Then, apparently, he forgot anyone named Bonita Granville was on earth. (Continued on page 75)





Ronald Reagan

Jane Wyman

Source of Ronnie's
private diversion:
Maureen Elizabeth and
Jane Wyman Reagan

Love among the Reagans

With two lively females on his hands,
Ronnie calls his home "The Ronald
Reagan Home For Delinquent Girls"

BY IDA ZEITLIN

THE Ronald Reagans were chewing the fat with a couple of friends. Discussing some item, the other wife said to her husband, "Oh yes, that's the night you weren't talking to me."

Jane turned on Ronnie. "Now see? Now there!" she wailed. "Why don't you ever not talk to me the way he sometimes not talks to her?"

There you have the skeleton in the Reagan closet. Nearing their second anniversary, they have yet to stage their first battle. This worries Jane. "First, it's unnormal," she argues. "Second, there's nothing I like better than a good fight. Third, if you don't fight, you can't make up—"

Reagan sees his wife's point. There ought to be problems. There ought to be a reasonable degree of stress and strain in adjusting oneself to the marital pattern. The books say so. He'd be glad to dig up a problem to oblige the books, but thus far it's eluded him.

He and Jane get along as amicably since their marriage as they did before it— "The only difference being

that now, when I beat her, it's legal."

Of course this kind of talk is a lot of mullarkey. Like everyone else, they've had to adjust themselves to marriage. It soon becomes clear, however, why these two slipped into double harness without wrenching. That they're crazy about each other goes without saying. So are plenty of newlyweds who weep and growl their bewildered way through the first year. The Reagans also have intelligence and the kind of humor that's another word for perspective. A former unsuccessful marriage has intensified Jane's sense of values. Most young wives take their happiness for granted. She holds hers like a treasure in both hands. As for Ronnie, what might irritate other husbands amuses him. "I'm the greatest comic round my own house," marvels Jane. For instance—

"We don't belong to the golf club any more," she'll inform him.

"Why not?"

"I got into a beef with the guy who runs it and resigned."

Instead of barking, he chuckles. They both know he'll go back and re-

join next week. Jane's counting on it. This feminine quirk tickles Ronnie, in whom the comedy sense outstrips the didactic.

Or she'll phone and say: "You're going to be mad at me. I smashed a fender."

"Are you all right?"

"Yup, but the fender's smashed."

"How did it happen?"

"Well, you know that street down so-and-so where the stop sign is? Well, I didn't stop."

Now there's nothing funny to Reagan in careless driving. Nor to Jane either. He knows she's apologizing and he thinks the method of apology's cute. So he skips the lecture and grins at the cuteness.

A couple of times, he admits, he's gone "like this," "like this" being illustrated as a not too formidable glower. "Then I get an eyeful of that kisser and she blinks and looks all of eight, so I find myself talking to her like a father. Between you and me," he added, regarding the kisser across the table, "I have a sweet nature." (Continued on page 77)



STRICTLY ZANIES

Zanies Olsen and Johnson get smart with a bathing beauty, same technique as . . .

There's a thin one and a fat one.
We don't mean Abbott and Costello.
Yes, we do, too! That is, we want
to say Olsen and Johnson aren't
copycats . . . Well, you better read this

. . . Abbott and Costello. But don't draw
any zany conclusions!

A LOT of people in a lot of places are going to think, when they see the new screen team, Olsen and Johnson, in "Hellzapoppin'" that they're 1942 editions of the 1941 hits, Abbott and Costello. But the Olsen-Johnson team dates back to 1914 when they met in a Chicago Tin Pan Alley and started out on twenty-four years of vaudeville clowning to end up as the stars of the smash New York stage hit, "Hellzapoppin'."

They did everything they could think of, the screwier the better, to put their names before the public—milking cows on Broadway, driving down Santa Claus Lane in Hollywood on the Fourth of July. They succeeded. A great portion of the American nation know them as prime comedians now; after the release of their Universal picture, their laughs will be public property.

Abbott and Costello date from 1930, made big-time in the same fashion as Olsen and Johnson—i.e., by long hard one-night stands in vaudeville.

It's a case of two plus two equaling four comedy geniuses. It's also a case of four smart minds who've made a million dollars selling corn.

How not to trim

A
Christ-
mas tree this
is, you see, all
decked for Christ-
mas morning with gifts
for you and all the crew.
What joys are now a-borning!
A girl named Day here has her say
and breathes a word of warning: Make
mem'ries stick, buy gifts that click, all
silly gimmicks scorning ★ No shootrees, please,
or gloves that squeeze or perfumes light and airy.
No gold fish schools ★ Observe these rules and of pet
peeves be wary ★ Give games of chance, books of romance, bright
bags
the
gals
all
carry ★ And flashlights new or stem-
ware blue will make her Christmas merry ★



Laraine Day: Listen to her and you won't give gifts that are Christ-

LARAINÉ DAY, who just died out of the *Dr. Kildare* series so that she may go on to the heaven of a big role in M-G-M's "Kathleen," has a few weighty remarks to deliver on the problem of what no girl wants to find under her Christmas tree on the morning of December 25.

Take last Christmas, for instance. When Laraine started to husk her presents, she attacked a parcel wrapped in handsome paper and tied with ribbon a mile long and a yard wide. Here, she thought, was going to be something. She unwrapped and she unwrapped; it was clear that she had come to grips with one of those humorists who gets a kick out of enclosing a gift in more petticoats than were worn by the Infanta of Spain.

Finally she got to the crux of the situation; out of the last wrapping she extracted—half a dozen green velvet clothes hangers.

Hmmm. Miss Day's closet accessories are all blue.

Oh, well, there were more packages. There was a very important-looking box done up with silver stars and loops of cellophane. This she divested with speed and lifted the lid off—guess what? One of those wooden kitchen gadgets with household needs arranged in two neat rows. You put a colored peg in the hole opposite the commodity you need from the grocer; the well-known fact that Miss Day lives with her family and that the family has an adequate cook who looks with suspicion on Laraine's doing more than squeezing an orange in the kitchen hadn't deterred one gift-giver from ringing coins on a counter without ringing the Christmas bell.

In rapid succession Laraine also unwrapped (a) a bottle of a perfume to which she is violently antipathetic; (b) one of those (Continued on page 88)

your Christmas tree

BY FREDDA DUDLEY



Saint Nick, you know, still likes to go down chimneys quite old-fashioned ★ With bulging pack upon his back to answer notes impassioned ★ Suave Jeffrey Lynn herewith steps in to solve a lady's puzzle ★ "When this I've read," he sadly said, "I'll wish I'd worn a muzzle! ★ Yet, for the cause of Santa Claus,

I feel I should spare all guys ties, loud pro-ed ★ So do lady fair, and warning ★ cheap cause regrets, by New Year's glammapi make girl friends tem-luscious pose

be candid ★ To from Christmas test is demand-take care, my hark to further penman sets all they're shelved morning ★ Those haste to nix of porary ★ each of Jean or Rose

seems stale compared with Mary" ★ Please heed these tips from Jeffrey's lips (there's mistletoe a-swinging), just read below and you will know the gifts to come a-bringing ★ and incidentally how to set those wedding bells a-ringing

JEFFREY LYNN, who's about to have you applauding him loudly in Warners' "The Body Disappears," can be very explicit about his pet holiday péeve: It's *those* ties. Those no-time-but-Christmas cravats, which he insists are dragged out into the limelight of a haberdashery during the one period of the year when The Little Woman may be found lurking with a bargaining eye around horrendous necktie and handkerchief sets.

Mr. Lynn tells about the sad case of a theatrical friend who was given a star-spangled tie by his honey of the moment. He didn't want to hurt her feelings so he wore the tie, but when he was out of her presence, he tried to preserve his standing in the world of men by covering most of the tie with an open palm. This hand-on-chest gesture was misunderstood by a sympathetic producer in New York to whom the young man was applying for a job and, so help me, the producer gave the chap enough carfare to "go to Phoenix and get cured."

Mr. Lynn's anonymous hero did come west, but he finally took a job in a walnut packing plant in lieu of starving to death as a movie extra. "On Broadway he would have been great," says Jeffrey solemnly. "See how a promising career was wrecked by a dizzy Christmas tie?"

So, girls, take a man's advice and don't try to make him a gift of neckwear. Let him buy his own and only smile if the result resembles a cross between a Mexican bull fight and watermelon à la king.

Jeffrey also puts the hex on military brushes. Seems that bristles come in various grades of stubbornness and your heart interest with the violent mane isn't going to admire the same brush that would appeal to the Lothario with (Continued on page 88)



Jeffrey Lynn: Listen to him and your presents will be the quickest way to a man's heart



DON'T

ONE of these days Brian Donlevy is going to take a little trip to Washington to get some legislation passed in a hurry. The project will be called the Quit-Fooling-The-Kids Bill and will aim at protecting the unsuspecting youth of the land from such inspirational poppycock as "Hitch your wagon to a star."

The way Mr. Donlevy sees it, getting the bill passed will be no trouble at all. He will point to his own personal history and let his case rest.

Didn't Mr. D. hitch his wagon to a star? Of course, he did. So what happened? The frisky little comet kicked over the traces and left him stranded.

In fact, if you must know the truth, it was a series of accidents and not any hitching-wagons-to-stars that is responsible for Brian's present plight, a state of affairs against which, by the by, he has no complaint.

According to Brian, himself, he was supposed to be a girl, which was no little accident as you may have gath-

The gentleman in question—Brian Donlevy. He is an asset to Paramount's "Birth Of The Blues" . . .

hitch your wagon —

—to a star, or to any other gold-brick adage. Hitch up instead with Brian Donlevy, who's lived and learned. The guy has ideas!

BY JOHN R. FRANCHEY

ered if you are a Donlevy fan. A trio of Donlevy pictures, "The Great Man's Lady," "Birth Of The Blues" and "The Remarkable Andrew," which you will be seeing soon, will confirm your conclusion.

The bright star to which Brian Donlevy hitched his wagon was literature, the hard-knit, real and rugged brand that Mr. Ernest Hemingway later got around to writing. And it wasn't a case of wishing will make it so. Hardly.

By the time he was fifteen and ready for prep school he had a couple of haversacks full of his writings, including two unfinished novels, three and a half gross of poems, a skeleton of a play called "Tantamount," whatever that means, and a miniature history of English literature with all dates omitted so as not to confuse young scholars.

"As a lad," Brian confesses, "I hoped to become a writer. But my folks didn't have the money to give me the usual preparation, four years at some ivy-league college. I could

see my way clear only by one route: I would become a military man, get stationed at some remote post and thus find all the leisure a writer needed."

He was halfway through St. John's Military Academy when war broke out. Being young, adventurous and patriotic he volunteered and sailed for France.

THE Donlevy war record, to the publication of which he was no party, is compounded of fact and fiction and the devil take the hindmost. To read the romance-ridden accounts of divers writers, Brian Donlevy was gyped out of a Congressional Medal for bravery, the Order of the Purple Heart and only Walt Disney knows what-all else. Judging from these awed historians, he was hands-down the fanciest flyer in France.

But mention his war years to Donlevy and he asks you in that vague, poking way that he employs toward strangers: "What was it that guy Sherman said about war?" You

gather that he'd rather skip the whole subject. Obviously, it's been a source of embarrassment.

Well, after the Armistice he returned to the United States and that bright star of his. He tried for West Point but had to settle for Annapolis. There Papa Donlevy's son of Sheboygan, Wisconsin, was no great shakes as a student. But in nonnaval matters he did wonderfully by himself.

By way of proving that Noel Coward wasn't the only many-talented man in circulation, he wrote the plebe class musical, did several skits in his show, sang a few songs and executed a spot of hoofing.

An accident during sophomore year revamped his life once more. He was anchored in the infirmary (laid low by a dental infection) when he happened to pick up a newspaper. The front page was filled with talk of disarmament and the scrapping of ships. Naval men were quoted as saying that the drop-off in tonnage would leave the Academy with hordes of unwanted (Continued on page 72)

He has an asset in his "Squirt," who is Mrs. Brian Donlevy to you. He writes her sentimental poems

Their Villa Donlevy, out Brentwood way, is a charming manor house, part modern, part Cape Cod and completely happy home



RIGHT THIS WAY FOLKS!



See everything under the Big Top! Bring your peanuts and popcorn, spy glasses and autograph books and come on in. The greatest show on earth, complete with the brightest star performers ever to act up for Ringling Brothers—and cameraman Hyman Fink

Clutching the brass rail and keeping her eye on the man on the flying trapeze is Mrs. Fred MacMurray, done up in what the best-dressed woman will wear to the circus. Man watching lady on horse is husband Fred

Chin up, boys and girls. The girl is Ann Sothern, recently separated from Roger Pryor; the boy is Robert Taylor caught in a "will he make it?" pose. Vocal accompaniment is by the small unidentified brunette in front



Standout in the pink lemonade crowd is Shirley Temple who came to see the elephants accompanied by the Abrams, Eddie and Carole



High-tensioned live wire is Barbara Stanwyck, who got right into the sawdust spirit of things. She's flanked by Henry Fonda, Mal Milland

Walter Wanger, who usually takes Joan Bennett everywhere, took her and her daughters Diana and Melinda, got liberal helpings of sticky popcorn as his due reward

... it was a circus to watch Ginger Rogers, who went through all the gestures. She's with Joseph Bryan III, Mrs. John Ringling North


The one corner that took occasional glances away from the clowns was the one at the lower left. Charles Chaplin came to clap, brought the new West Coast comer Jinx Falkenburg

Envy of the Hollywood audience was Lynn Bari, who rubbed shoulders with the clown. Envy of everyone else was the clown

Tight spot for the tightrope walker rates him star attention from Charles Boyer, his wife Pat Paterson, Ronald Colman and Mrs. Colman, a go-together Hollywood quartette



THE MALE ANIMAL



Ellen was pretty and dark-haired and Tommy, rangy and bespectacled, had often wondered how he had managed to win her from Midwestern's great halfback Joe Ferguson

THE CAST

<i>Tommy Turner</i>	Henry Fonda
<i>Ellen Turner</i>	Olivia de Havilland
<i>Joe Ferguson</i>	Jack Carson
<i>Patricia Stanley</i>	Joan Leslie
<i>Ed Keller</i>	Eugene Pallette
<i>Michael Barnes</i>	Herbert Anderson
<i>Cleota</i>	Hattie McDaniel

He seemed like a nice specimen of tame

"We are all male animals," Tommy said thickly to Michael. "Think of the sea lion. He knows love is a thing you do something about!"



Fiction Version by NORTON RUSSELL

A Warner Brothers picture. Executive producer, Hal. B. Wallis. Associate Producer, Wolfgang Reinhardt. Directed by Elliott Nugent. From the play by James Thurber and Elliott Nugent. Screen play by Julius Epstein, Philip Epstein and Stephen Morehouse Avery.

THE autumn sunlight was mellow on the red-brick buildings of Midwestern University. It, and the smell of burning leaves, and the holiday feeling in the air, all spoke eloquently of football. So did the big banner over the wrought-iron campus gates. It said, "Be at the Rally Tonight. Beat Michigan Tomorrow."

The Tommy Turners were having people in that evening for cocktails and a buffet supper, partly because it was the night before the Big Game and partly because it was Ellen Turner's birthday—although Tommy, having been married six years and not having too good a memory at any time, had forgotten that. He came home about four-thirty, humming to himself and carrying chrysanthemums and a bottle of rye.

Tommy Turner, at twenty-eight, was rangy and bespectacled, with clothes that hung indifferently on his tall loose frame and a slight stoop to his shoulders. In moments of stress or deep thought—which was most of the time—he had a habit of ruffling his hair so that he looked like a puzzled spaniel. He was Associate Professor of English at the University,

but that morning Dean Damon, the head of the department, had told him it looked as if he'd be made a full professor at the end of the term.

Ellen came in to find him putting the flowers into a vase already too full. This didn't surprise her. She knew the flowers weren't for her birthday, because she'd asked Tommy to get them, and she would naturally expect him to put them in the least suitable place. Ellen was pretty and dark-haired and Tommy had wondered, when they were first married, how in the world he had managed to win her over the competition of Joe Ferguson, Midwestern's great half-back. After the first year or so, however, he seemed to stop wondering and begin taking her for granted, which bothered Ellen a little.

Joe Ferguson was coming to the party tonight. It would be the first time Ellen had seen him since her marriage. He'd been living in Pittsburgh and doing very well—so well that until this year he'd always been too busy to come back for the Big Game. And Ellen wondered if he'd changed, or if he was still the same big, handsome, vital Joe. . . .

"Oh," she said to Tommy, suddenly remembering, "Dean Damon called. Cleota took the message. She seemed to think the Dean wanted you to go over to his house and see him."

And that reminded Tommy, so he told her about the full professorship. When she had finished giving him a congratulatory kiss, she said anxiously, "Have the trustees voted on it yet?"

"No, but that's just a formality."

"All the same," Ellen said wisely, "it's a good thing Ed Keller's coming to the party tonight."

Tommy grumbled, "Why do we have to have Ed Keller?"

"He's the most important trustee—and Joe has to have someone to talk football with."

Tommy sighed. Ed Keller was the town's biggest real-estate agent and most football-minded alumnus and trustee. He was responsible for Midwestern's stadium, which was the biggest between Chicago and California and which Tommy considered a waste of money.

"Well," he said, "I'd better go see what the Dean wants. Come along?"

The Dean (Continued on page 66)

usband. But, just like every other man, he wanted, just once, to roar like a lion



Looming large: Philip Dorn of M-G-M's "Tarzan's Secret Treasure"; a faultless actor imported from Dutch films; six-footer husband, for seven years, of a Holland miss



Rather a little one: Joan Fontaine of RKO's "Suspicion"; witty, ambitious, clever person; possessor of a one-sided smile; possessor, too, of a husband named Brian Aherne



London street scene
starring Joan Bennett
in uniform for Fox's
"Confirm Or Deny"

Give the Bennett a hand!
She's said what a million women
wouldn't. Here's a masterpiece

by Joan Bennett

Things I wish men would do

REMEMBER the old refrain about, "If I had a magic wand to bend, I'd wish seven wishes o'er the land o' men?"

My first wish would be this: *That all men should cultivate a sensitivity to mood.* Then they'd never spoil a lovely moment! You know, it's that quality Spencer Tracy projects from the screen to the nth degree. A quality based on thoughtfulness and consideration—and that's getting all too rare these days.

One day last spring, for instance, a party of us drove up into the moun-

tains. The valley below was like a floral carpet, brilliant with thousands of lupines, poppies and those lush evening primroses. "Oh, but isn't it beautiful!" exclaimed the girl in the front seat.

"Yes," said the man absently who was driving. "I like"—looking at the car—"to test her accelerative speed on different grades to see what she'll do." And he stepped on the gas. The scenery went by in a rushing blur.

And romance evaporated into the air. The girl had been thinking of marrying him. She quickly changed

her mind. "Why," she said, "he's the sort of man who would kiss his wife while she's balancing a check book and scold her about extravagance in the midst of making love to her! I'll bet he sees every sunset behind a sporting page."

It would be a wonderful world for women if all men acquired that sense for mood.

And if (Wish No. 2) they all suddenly burgeoned forth with the sense of good grooming! Girls are just as allergic to whiskers, baggy coats and droopy socks (Continued on page 60)

Hi, Miss Winter!


Hello to Barbara Stanwyck who has more than a nodding acquaintance with skis in Columbia's "You Belong To Me." She makes a pretty cover; she does a bit of interior decoration here in a gray gabardine ski suit with zipper-closed pockets, a reversible jacket and a lambskin coat that turns itself inside out to be a smart gray gabardine topper.

Photographs by Schaefer

Miss Stanwyck's
clothes designed by
EDITH HEAD

MAY NINETEEN
HUNDRED AND
FORTY-TWO BE
A VERY BECOMING
YEAR FOR YOU!





Mrs. Robert Taylor makes fashion tracks in a two-piecer of caramel and brown. Style tip-offs on top are the deep V yoke of the caramel jacket and the tie bow at the waistline. The skirt is dark-brown wool, gored generously; the tie blouse is a contributing factor in this success send-off



Dress With Ideas: It's slate blue, a bright note in any crowd. Its cross-over bodice has four fabric arrows finished with silver arrowheads. Its corselet waistline and skirt with overlapped folds will have you cutting a figure under the mistletoe. Miss Stanwyck pulls an all-one-color pose, wears slate blue gloves and hat and steals every fashion scene

Edith Head calls it a negligee; we say it's a triumph; Barbara Stanwyck wears it because it's pretty, it's pink and it turns most any woman into a siren de luxe. Over the fitted satin foundation, flesh-toned chiffon is worked into a trailing skirt, a fitted waist and a collarless bodice with balloon sleeves gathered into a diverting inch-deep cuff. It's a boudoir must and a breakfast-table trump card





A silver-spoon-in-the-mouth touch, yours for the buying of this white crepe dinner dress, draped on top to suggest a bolero, decorated in a million-dollar manner with sable bands on its dolman sleeves, slit to the knee just to show your pretty ankles and make people turn around. Miss Stanwyck's ten-skin sable stole and gold and topaz jewelry finish things off in high style, will keep audiences busy looking at her in "You Belong To Me"



Ring in the new...

If You're:

Your Hollywood Prototype Is:

Psychologists would say
Your Animal Prototype Is:

A blonde or a red-head who can look into a man's eyes instead of at his necktie

Madeleine Carroll



A swan

A brunette and on the tallish side

Rosalind Russell



A deer

A half-pint sprightly blonde or redhead

Betty Grable



A kitten

A pocket-size vivacious brunette

Olivia de Havilland



A chipmunk

... THE NEW YOU !

Use your head, take this to heart and you'll keep on ringing bells all through 1942

Men Think of You As:	Your Make-Up Pitfall Is:	Your Personality Bugaboo Is:	Look Pretty In:
<p>the personification of serenity; a bit slow to accept advances; poised; sure of yourself; ethereal</p>	<p>Looking too much like a pink-and-white pretty. Be sure your rouge and lipstick have a vivid orange tone in them and don't get a too-pink powder: you're a personality not a pastel painting</p>	<p>Probably too much reserve. Smile a little more often and once in a while tell a good story — on yourself</p>	<p>A chantilly black lace blouse and velvet skirt at twilight. Look pretty in anything fragile for that matter. Black is a "best" for you; white, a next best; tweeds something you wear only on hikes</p> 
<p>softly feminine in appearance, warm by nature, smart-as-a-whip talker on world events</p>	<p>Getting too dark a powder shade. Be sure your powder has a pink glow to keep you from looking too much like an olive-skinned gypsy</p>	<p>Probably being too independent. Never argue too much and shun that "club-woman" attitude</p>	<p>A red velvet beaded jacket over a black crepe dress. Wear colors, any and all of them; try bizarre combinations; let your zany impulses go when it comes to buying your hats</p> 
<p>A small warm person who's a lot of fun at a party but who needs to be helped over curb-ones on the way home</p>	<p>Not having enough angles in your face. Try putting on your rouge in a different pattern; try wearing no rouge and using a vivid purple-toned lipstick</p>	<p>Probably being too much the "pretty girl" type. Try talking about the price of aluminum the next time your date gets that abstracted look</p>	<p>A Dublin green corduroy suit and beret to match. You're pretty in sweaters and skirts; you're pretty in pinafores; you're beauteous in pale pink — providing it's not too frilly</p> 
<p>A lively little girl with a glint in her eye, tongue in her cheek and a capacity to keep the ball rolling wherever she is</p>	<p>Not accentuating any of your features. Concentrate on your eyes or mouth, make them stand out in your small face</p>	<p>Not being able to sit still long enough. Turn into a languid lady; don't offer too many suggestions; relax and tend to your knitting and we do mean knitting</p>	<p>A white jersey Sunday-night supper dress, made peasant style, embroidered with gay flowers. Black and white makes you look sophisticated; a deep blue makes you look cute-as-a-button; jewel-toned velvets will start things going. Take your pick!</p> 



Ida's house is charming and comfortable; so is her devoted husband Louis Hayward



At fifteen (yes, fifteen!) she arrived with her mother (left) in N. Y. en route to Hollywood as "the English Jean Harlow"



She looked like this so they said she'd be a Sex Draw. To-day (below) she's pre-eminent



She's been telling a lot of whoppers about herself for ages. Now we're afraid we'll have to tell you the truth

IDA

THE MAD LUPINO

BY HOWARD SHARPE

THE first thing people will tell you about Ida Lupino is that she's a great actress and a charming madwoman.

The next thing they will tell you (whomever you ask), is that Ida is a jitterbug, qualifying by saying that she dances only one step, improvised by St. Vitus. She has nervous breakdowns the way other people have the common cold, if you listen to her critics, being able to work one up and have it before your startled gaze on an instant's notice.

Ida's never thrown a nervous fit for us, not once during the five years we've known her. "Go ahead," we said the last time we were at the Haywards', "give us the works. Be the mad Lupino."

"I'm not in the mood, dear," she said, pushing a bunch of pillows around behind her and settling back. "Life's too pleasant." And it was, and furthermore is for Mrs. Louis Hayward, whose comeback is recent and satisfying, whose house is charming and comfortable, whose husband is amusing and devoted, whose health on the whole is so offensively good that she almost never thinks about it, and whose conscience is pretty clear about the stories she's told since she came to Hollywood.

After all, Hollywood told some whoppers about her, too. They said she was essentially a Hotcha Kid, around 1934, a combination of Alice White, Clara Bow and Jean Harlow. Believe us. They said she was destined to be the Sex Draw of the

generation. They said she had a "pert, up-tilted" nose, which is anything but the truth. Ida's nose has a curve, slight but indisputable. They said she was beautiful, which it would bore her to be.

We're afraid we must tell you the truth about Ida, which is something she has almost never told anyone about herself. She had a good enough reason, though it may sound puny now in relation to her history. Ida's only mildly crazy, which is to say that she's too intelligent for her own good, has a superabundance of nervous energy and has always—*always*—been too young . . . But then, you couldn't possibly understand without knowing the whole story.

THE point is, she was born in 1918, during a seven-hour air raid on London, which means that she was not quite fourteen when she played the lead in Alan Dwan's premiere English movie, "Her First Affair"; which means that she was incredibly only fifteen when in 1933, as the already famous "English Jean Harlow," she arrived on the Cunard liner *Berengaria* to take her place in Hollywood.

"I'm young, I admit it," said Ida to the reporters. "But nevertheless I have crowded into my short seventeen years of life a trifle more activity—or shall we say experience?—than most girls of (Continued on page 70)

I Wake Up Screaming!

This was the most fantastic game
two men and a girl ever played

BY STEVE FISHER

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR THOMPSON

JILL LYNN—sister of the murdered movie actress, Vicki Lynn—and her fiance, Peg, the young Hollywood writer who had been trapped—on circumstantial evidence—by Detective Ed Cornell, manage to escape and to hide out on the Long Beach waterfront. Haunted by the words Cornell had spoken just before he lost consciousness from Jill's blow—"I'll get you sometime!"—they struggle along from day to day, living in fear. They know that even though there had been three people under suspicion—Robin Ray, juvenile actor who had gone everywhere with Vicki, Harry Williams, switchboard boy who had had a crush on the young star, and Peg himself—the facts as Ed Cornell would present them could condemn Peg.

But the day comes when there is no food in the house, when Peg is forced to leave their furnished apartment and look for work. He finds none, but during the day he suddenly thinks he knows who murdered Vicki. His suspicions, backed by facts he now recalls, center on Robin Ray whose shaky career could not have stood the bad publicity that would have resulted from Vicki's decision, made just before her death, to throw him over for Peg.

He rushes back to the apartment to tell Jill, throws open the door breathlessly. But the apartment is empty. No one answers his call. . . .

I MUST have gone a little crazy. I went into the kitchenette and shouted her name. I walked all around the apartment. I was shaking. I'd never felt an emotion like this. I

haven't any word for it. I thought I was going to start crying. I fumbled in my pocket for a cigarette. There weren't any. We'd run out of cigarettes as well as food.

The apartment was so darned empty! I tried to think. Where was she? Now I saw something on the chair. It was her corduroy skirt and brown and white sweater. On the floor there was a little wad of tinfoil. I rushed to the closet and opened it. The green dress was gone. She was wearing her good dress. Perhaps she'd left me! Maybe she was sick of all this!

No!

I couldn't believe it. I wanted to go out and search the streets for her. But Long Beach was a big town. I wouldn't have had a chance that way.

I sat as though I were made of stone. The wind rustled the curtains at the window and the radio across the court was going. Perhaps Jill had gotten a job. Maybe she had landed a temporary position as a clerk in a store. Sure, that was it. I felt relieved. I got up and paced the room.

Maybe Jill was at the taxi dance trying to make money for us. The little fool! Would she do that? A thing like that? It was possible. Anything was possible.

Only, Dear God, don't have it that anything happened to her. I'll do anything you say, God, only make Jill safe. Don't let the cops get her, God! Don't let that happen. I'll go to church every Sunday if you want, but don't let the cops get Jill!

She was at the taxi dance. That was it. Poor sweet kid, she'd be back any time now. (Continued on page 61)

It was late afternoon and the sun shone dimly on the gray stone. Jill came out, down the steps, into my arms



SAY HELLO to Nicky Jr.

LITTLE BRANCH ON THE "THIN MAN" TREE



MR. and Mrs. Thin Man think he's the nicest son they could find in a cabbage field; Asta thinks the same admiring thoughts any worthy canine has about a small boy, age four.

This one is, in particular, Dickie Hall who's the Nicky, Jr., in the title above, the gay young blade from Brooklyn who's now promenading through the *Thin Man* series with Myrna Loy and Bill Powell. Hollywood—or rather, Tallulah Bankhead—found him playing Bach and Beethoven at three on the stage of Carnegie Hall to an astounded New York audience. Being a lady with a smart eye for promising young men, she wired the West Coast and they did the rest.

The gentleman is slick. He keeps his light-brown hair smoothed down, practices his piano every day, endeavors to build up his muscles by exercise. The gentleman is also popular. He eats lunch with Myrna—and Lana Turner, when he gets the chance. But what could you expect from a male who at the age of sixteen months sang "Gold Mine In The Sky" over the radio?

Now that you've met him, you probably think just what everyone who knows him does. That he's an enterprising businessman, a heart-melter, a guy who's going places.

P. S.: He walks to work.

THE TRUTH ABOUT STARS' SALARIES

BY "FEARLESS"



The statement made after Ann Sheridan's suspension was not true



Bill Holden had to fight violently and verbally to right money matters



Pat Morison almost got strangled by a good contract



Clark Gable's financial ultimatum on "Gone With The Wind" was the reason why Vivien Leigh was discovered

Here it is for the first time — the candid picture of the shrewd tricks, the boomerangs that have built — and broken — Hollywood careers

MR. VICTOR MATURE was hollering his wide, strong lungs out. "They talk about freeing the slaves, why don't they free Mature?" he cried.

The cause of Vic's pain was his stipend of four hundred and fifty clams weekly. No so long ago Vic was living in a tent, not because he is wacky for tents but as a matter of sheer rent necessity. Thus those four and fifty shells laid on the barrel head looked mighty pretty until Hal Roach, who holds the Mature contract, began going around the corner and renting Vic out, his newest rental fee being 3000 clams (or three thousand dollars if you will be conventional about it) per week for his labors in "Shanghai Gesture."

'Tis often thus in Hollywood. The rich producer gets richer and the poor actor takes what he can get. The truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about salaries in film-dom is rarely even glimpsed. Come each March and the income tax boys in Washington do their bit toward telling the world about Claudette Colbert's being the highest paid actress for the past three years, what with her tidy earnings of better than \$350,000 each of those years. From the income tax lists you can see Gary Cooper's \$5,000 weekly, and Gable and Lombard's supercolossal earnings, and the neat fees several of our

leading directors tote home, and those half to three quarters of a million that this producer and that earn. But the salaries that the "discoveries" gather, the why of "bonuses" after certain pictures, the gold that is made on "loan-outs," these subjects are never mentioned.

Yet it is because of the "bonuses" and the "loanouts" and the "deals" that the "discoveries" try to strike while the box-office is hot. That was why Ann Sheridan got rebellious nearly two years ago. It cost her plenty. It probably cost Warners more. To save their pride, after keeping Annie off the screen for a year, they announced when they brought her back that they didn't increase her salary. Annie kept silent and let them talk. But the statement was not true. Ann now gets better than twice what she got before her walk-out. Yet that year's layoff did her harm. The "oomph" publicity having died down, she is virtually starting all over again and must come through on sheer acting ability, while Rita Hayworth walks in with the sex sweepstakes.

Vic Mature is in that same "discovery" class, just as William Holden was not so long ago and before him Fred MacMurray and Robert Taylor and Buddy Rogers. The way things have worked out for each of these players illustrates much about all their characters, just as the way things

have worked out for Linda Darnell versus Nancy Kelly and Brenda Joyce, and for Veronica Lake versus Pat Morison tells much about those variously beautiful dolls.

One hundred and fifty dollars a week was what Fred MacMurray earned all the way from his original click in "The Painted Lily" straight up until he made "Hands Across The Table" with Carole Lombard, two years during which he worked incessantly. Fred (Continued on page 82)

BRIEF REVIEWS

✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED



Universal view of what's happening today in Occupied France is "Paris Calling" with Randolph Scott as an R.A.F. flyer and Elizabeth Bergner as the brown-eyed beauty who knows all about politics—and French politicians

ACCENT ON LOVE—20th Century-Fox: When George Montgomery rebels against his life and his marriage that can't be dissolved because of family pride, he just ups and becomes a ditchdigger and digs until he's straightened out all his problems. Osa Massen, J. Carrol Naish and Cobina Wright Jr. are all very nice, as is Montgomery, but the story's too laden down with message to be very entertaining. (Oct.)

✓ **ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS**—Paramount: Dorothy Lamour is back again in Technicolor and her sarong. Jon Hall is the native who returns from the states with his new education to take over his post as ruler and marry his betrothed, Miss Lamour. But jealous Philip Reed has other ideas. (Nov.)

ARIZONA BOUND—Monogram: A good old-time Western about a marshal who solves a series of stagecoach robberies. Three favorites, Buck Jones, Tim McCoy and Raymond Hatton, band together in this picture for some out-west shooting and riding. (Oct.)

BACHELOR DADDY—Universal: Baby Sandy gets cuter with every picture and in this one she makes up for a lot of unfunny episodes. Kathryn Adams is Sandy's mother and she sends the child to Edward Everett Horton, Raymond Walburn and Donald Woods to keep while she's involved with the law. It isn't very funny. (Oct.)

✓ **BADLANDS OF DAKOTA**—Universal: Straight-shooting Western, with Robert Stack as the Easterner who marries his brother's (Broderick Crawford) fiancée, Ann Rutherford, which starts all the rumpus. Richard Dix is Wild Bill Hickok, Frances Farmer is Calamity Jane, and Addison Richards is Custer. (Nov.)

BARNACLE BILL—M-G-M: Rough-and-ready fun, with Wallace Beery as an old waterfront rascalion always in trouble until his daughter Virginia Weidler succeeds in reforming him. Marjorie Main lends a willing hand to the process. (Oct.)

✓ **BELLE STARR**—20th Century-Fox: The notorious woman bandit of the 1860's has been so whitewashed that much of the punch of the picture is lost. Gene Tierney plays Belle, who turns out to be a gently bred Southern girl who attempts to re-fight the Civil War. She marries Southern rebel Randy Scott and participates in his escapades until she finds out his cause is only a front for thieving and killing. (Nov.)

✓ **BIRTH OF THE BLUES**—Paramount: In this good-natured, easy-going movie, Bing Crosby, a Southern lad, finally rounds up the first white band to play blues music and, through the aid of Mary Martin's singing, gets a hearing. You'll like every minute of it, the music and the cast, which includes Brian Donlevy and Rochester. (Dec.)

BLONDE FROM SINGAPORE, THE—Columbia: The ever-present jewel thieves are here again in this tired plot, with Florence Rice as a scheming actress who swipes the pearls from Leif Erikson and Gordon Jones, and then sets out to win Alexander D'Arcy, only to find herself in a spot. (Nov.)

BLONDIE IN SOCIETY—Columbia: The *Bumpsteeds* get in a jam again when Arthur Lake accepts an enormous great Dane dog but promises not to place it in a dog show and Penny Singleton unknowingly enters it in a show. It's a lot of fun. (Oct.)

BURMA CONVOY—Universal: Fast-moving, timely melodrama about the truck caravans bringing supplies along the dangerous Burma Road. Charles Bickford is the leader of the truck drivers, Frank Albertson his younger brother, and Evelyn Ankers provides the heart interest. (Dec.)

✓✓ **CHARLEY'S AUNT**—20th Century-Fox: "Charley's Aunt" gets funnier with every generation. Jack Benny as the Oxford student who is forced to play the aunt of a fellow student is at his funniest. Complications set in when the real aunt, Kay Francis, shows up. See it for laughs. (Oct.)

✓✓ **DIVE BOMBER**—Warners: Timely, informative, and entertaining is this picture about the experimental work of flight surgeons in the Naval Air Corps. A feud between Errol Flynn and Fred MacMurray is the framework for beautiful aviation shots. Alexis Smith registers as a comer, and Ralph Bellamy and Regis Toomey lend grand support. (Nov.)

✓ **DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE**—M-G-M: Although this is its third screen version, it's a gripping, compelling, interesting picture. Spencer Tracy as the scientist overacts every now and then, Lana Turner is beautiful, but it's Ingrid Bergman who walks off with the movie. (Dec.)

✓ **DR. KILDARE'S WEDDING DAY**—M-G-M: The sudden, tragic death of Laraine Day, fiancée of Dr. Kildare, on her wedding day comes as a

jarring shock. Through the comfort offered by Lionel Barrymore as Dr. Gillespie, Lew Ayres as Kildare is finally able to return to work after his grievous loss. Nils Asther is very good. (Nov.)

ELLERY QUEEN AND THE MURDER RING—Columbia: Ralph Bellamy is again the famous detective who solves some murders in a hospital, but it's the side-splitting performance of two dumb bunnies, Paul Hurst and Tom Dugan, who play their roles straight, that provides riotous fun. (Dec.)

✓ **FATHER TAKES A WIFE**—RKO-Radio: Gloria Swanson's return is the biggest news of this picture, and it's good news indeed. She's perfectly cast as the stage star who retires to marry Adolphe Menjou, expecting a life of peace. Instead, Adolphe turns out to be a playboy and his son, John Howard, is the serious-minded one. (Oct.)

FLYING BLIND—Paramount: Loads of noise and thrills and romance are packed into this thriller about spies and intrigue on a honeymoon air express. Richard Arlen is the pilot who neglects his romance with Jean Parker until they find themselves in a plane with villains Roger Pryor and Nils Asther, and daffy bride Marie Wilson. (Nov.)

FORCED LANDING—Paramount: Richard Arlen is the hero aviator of this bang-up little movie that's crowded with action. When enemy agents attempt to wreck defense constructions, Dick steps right in and plays havoc with them. Eva Gabor, a beautiful blonde newcomer, provides the love interest. (Oct.)

GENTLEMAN FROM DIXIE—Monogram: When Jack La Rue is released from prison he returns to his brother's stock farm down South where he finds villainous John Holland, who originally framed him. Marian Marsh is his brother's wife, and little Mary Ruth, who's an accomplished musician, is her stepdaughter. (Dec.)

✓✓ **HERE COMES MR. JORDAN**—Columbia: This is one of the most delightful and imaginative stories ever to hit the screen. It's all about how heaven makes a mistake and takes Bob Montgomery's soul before he's due to arrive there, so they have to find him a new body to inhabit. Edward Everett Horton, James Gleason and Claude Rains are wonderful. (Oct.)

✓ **HERE IS A MAN**—RKO-Radio: Here's a picture that for sheer novelty takes its place among the best of its kind. James Craig is the young farmer who sells his soul to Satan, symbolized by Farmer Walter Huston, and then tries to get out of his bargain. Edward Arnold is Daniel Webster, Simone Simon the devil's henchwoman and Anne Shirley is Craig's devoted wife. (Oct.)

✓✓ **HOLD BACK THE DAWN**—Paramount: Suspense, drama and love abound in this picture about the struggle by immigrants to enter the United States from Mexico. Charles Boyer is an immigrant who marries schoolteacher Olivia de Havilland in order to gain entry into the States and Paulette Goddard is the foreigner who attempts to weave Boyer into her schemes. (Oct.)

✓ **HOLD THAT GHOST**—Universal: You won't care what Abbott and Costello are up to as they wend their way from waiters to gas station attendants to heirs of a deserted, haunted gambling house, because they're man-sized panics all the way through the hilarious nonsense. (Oct.)

HURRY, CHARLIE, HURRY—RKO-Radio: Very funny in spots is this Leon Errol comedy, with Errol inviting the Vice-President of the U. S. to a party and three phonies plus the real V. P. show up. (Oct.)

KID FROM KANSAS, THE—Universal: A blight, sabotage, and all kinds of trouble hit the banana plantation of Leo Carrillo; and Andy Devine and Dick Foran receive the blame for it all until Foran escapes from jail and uncovers the real rascals. A lot of action is mixed up in the story and the trio of actors do right well. (Dec.)

✓✓ **LADIES IN RETIREMENT**—Columbia: This famous stage play is superbly translated to the screen with a never-relaxing suspense. Ida Lupino is mainly responsible for its compelling quality of repulsion and sympathy, as the companion who ruthlessly murders to provide a home for her mentally ill sisters. Louis Hayward, too, rates honors, as does Evelyn Keyes as the maid, and Edith Barrett and Isobel Elsom. (Dec.)

✓✓ **LADY BE GOOD**—M-G-M: It's a parade of star personalities through a Gershwin musical, with Ann Southern and Robert Young as a song-writing team who hits the divorce courts twice before things work out. Eleanor Powell, Dan Dailey Jr., Lionel Barrymore, Red Skelton, John Carroll and others all add to this big-time musical. (Oct.)

LADY SCARFACE—RKO-Radio: Packages of money mailed to a New York hotel and picked up in error by honeymooning Rand Brooks and Mildred Coles motivate a lot of chasing around. (Oct.)

✓✓ **LIFE BEGINS FOR ANDY HARDY**—M-G-M—Andy grows up the hard way when he takes a fling at earning his own living in New York; and hunger, a gold digger, and the tragic death of a friend teach him a much-needed lesson. Mickey Rooney is tops as Andy, as is Judy Garland as the annoying girl friend. Pat Dane and Ray McDonald rate plenty of raves. (Nov.)

✓✓ **LITTLE FOXES, THE**—Goldwyn-RKO-Radio: An Academy Award contender is this gripping tale. Bette Davis as the ruthless *Regina* holds her own with such members of the New York stage cast as Patricia Collinge, Charles Dingle and Dan Duryea. Herbert Marshall is perfect as the sick husband and newcomer Teresa Wright is a coming star. (Nov.)

✓ **LOOK WHO'S LAUGHING**—RKO-Radio: Laughs follow one after the other in this unsophisticated comedy about a radio entertainer, Edgar Bergen, who with Charlie McCarthy lands in a small town where he helps Fibber McGee and Molly defeat a couple of land sharks. Lucille Ball and Neil Hamilton add to the fun. (Dec.)

✓✓ **LYDIA**—Korda-U.A.: Different, fascinating and heart-warming is this flashback review of the suitors in one woman's life. The men who loved Merle Oberon but failed to win her are Joseph Cotten, George Reeves, Hans Yara and Alan Marshall. All give fine performances. (Nov.)

✓ **MANPOWER**—Warners: George Raft and Edward G. Robinson are tough power line repairmen who fight it out for the affections of B-girl Marlene Dietrich. When Marlene's father is killed, Robinson marries her, but she falls in love with Raft. The power line repair scenes are excellent. (Oct.)

MEXICAN SPITFIRE'S BABY—RKO-Radio: When Leon Errol has a little war orphan brought over from Europe, he hopes it will fix things up with the troubled marriage of Lupe Velez and Buddy Rogers. The baby turns out to be a glamour girl, but the story gets duller and unfunnier. (Dec.)

MR. CELEBRITY—Producers Releasing Corp.: A young veterinarian, James Seay, takes his nephew, Buzzy Henry, to Celebrity Farm to hide out from his grandparents and so retain his custody. There he encounters Francis X. Bushman, Clara Kimball Young and Jim Jeffries, who'll bring you nostalgic memories. It's sentimental, but lively and heart-warming, and young Buzzy is outstanding. (Dec.)

MURDER BY INVITATION—Monogram: Although this thriller has the same old plot of heirs' trying to get a millionairess declared insane, it's fast-moving and suspenseful. Wallace Ford is the columnist who solves the murders and Marian Marsh is his assistant. (Oct.)

✓ **MY LIFE WITH CAROLINE**—RKO-Radio: Light, sophisticated comedy about a husband's efforts to keep his wife from eloping with various admirers, including Gilbert Roland and Reginald Gardiner. Anna Lee is the fluttery, attractive wife, although why she should want to leave husband Ronald Colman is beyond us. (Oct.)

✓ **NEW WINE**—Gloria Productions-U. A.: Alan Curtis plays composer Franz Schubert who is aided and encouraged by Ilona Massey. Although the story is inconsequential, the glorious flood of music and Ilona's beautiful singing of the "Ave Maria" are well worth your time. Albert Basserman contributes a memorable scene as Beethoven. (Oct.)

✓ **NEW YORK TOWN**—Paramount: Fred MacMurray, a sidewalk photographer in New York, shows naive New Englander Mary Martin how to live off the town. But when he tries to marry her off to prosperous Robert Preston, he learns that *all* the best things in life are free. Akim Tamiroff and Lynne Overman aid MacMurray in this enchanting comedy. (Nov.)

NIAGARA FALLS—Roach-U.A.: In spite of Slim Summerville and Zazu Pitts' determined comedy efforts as the honeymooning couple who come to Niagara, the picture's not funny. Slim neglects his bride to meddle in the affairs of quarrelsome Tom Brown and Marjorie Woodworth. (Dec.)

✓ **NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH**—Paramount: In spite of its bewhiskered story, Bob Hope makes this picture a laugh-provoking winner. He bets \$10,000 of Paulette Goddard's money that he can tell the truth for twenty-four hours. Howls of laughter are the result. (Nov.)

OFFICER AND THE LADY, THE—Columbia: Rochelle Hudson is a pretty schoolteacher who refuses to marry Bruce Bennett for fear he'll be killed in a gun battle. He almost is, too, when gangster Sidney Blackmer escapes from prison. (Oct.)

✓ **OUR WIFE**—Columbia: All about one husband, Melvyn Douglas, and his troubles with two women, one an ex-wife, Ellen Drew, and the other his fiancée, scientist Ruth Hussey. Charles Coburn is Ruth's father, also a scientist, and John Hubbard her non-scientific brother. It's got a lot of laughs. (Nov.)

OUTLAWS OF THE DESERT—Paramount: The Arabian desert background of this colorful and unusual Western is vivid and exciting and the series of adventures that involve Bill Boyd as *Hopalong Cassidy* and his pals, Andy Clyde and Brad King, provide fast-moving entertainment.

OUTLAW TRAIL, THE—RKO-Radio: Intending to aid in a bank robbery, young Tim Holt turns hero instead when he aids the marshal in catching the robber band and when the marshal dies, Tim takes over his job and stays a good boy from there on it. Fans are sure to like Tim. (Dec.)

PARACHUTE BATTALION—RKO-Radio: An

interestingly done movie of those lads who leap from planes in Uncle Sam's behalf. All sorts of boys who enter the service are revealed in the unfolding of the story, including Robert Preston as the cocky recruit and Edmond O'Brien as the boy who fears fear. Nancy Kelly is the girl. (Oct.)

PITTSBURGH KID, THE—Republic: The usual prize-fight picture, this, relieved in its monotonous plot by the casting of Jean Parker as the manager of fighter Billy Conn. You're going to be agreeably surprised at Billy, who's not half bad as a screen personality. Jean's a cute trick, too. (Dec.)

REG'LAR FELLERS—P. R. C.: The cartoon-strip characters, played by Billy Lee, Alfalfa Switzer and Buddy Boles, are back again for another series of fun. It's a picture for kids. (Nov.)

RINGSIDE MAISIE—M-G-M: Weakest in the series is this installment, with Ann Sothorn as the good-hearted taxi-dancer, *Maisie*, who meets up with prize fighter Robert Sterling and his suspicious manager, George Murphy. Young Sterling takes over most of the picture and there's not nearly enough of *Maisie*. (Oct.)

SCATTERGOOD MEETS BROADWAY—Pyramid-RKO: *Scattergood Baines*, the small-town Mr. Fix-it played by Guy Kibbee, helps William Henry, the village playwright, outwit Frank Jenks and Bradley Page and present a smash Broadway success. Its homey flavor is embellished by some bright comedy and corny but good gags. (Nov.)

SING ANOTHER CHORUS—Universal: Johnny Downs, aided by Jane Frazee, tries to get his college show on Broadway, but villainous Walter Catlett and his voluptuous co-worker, Iris Adrian, throw a monkey wrench or two into the works. The music is fair. (Dec.)

SKYLARK—Paramount: Claudette Colbert is the dissatisfied wife who leaves her devoted husband, Ray Milland, because his business entanglements prove too annoying, but that's a silly premise for this day and age. Brian Aherne is miscast as the other man in her life, but Milland and Walter Abel win our hearty approval. (Dec.)

✓ **SUNDOWN**—Wanger: Sustained action is the keynote of this story of a British government outpost in Africa. Bruce Cabot as Commissioner of the post steals most of the honors, and George Sanders also shines, as does Gene Tierney as the beautiful half-caste. Reginald Gardiner, as usual, went along for the laughs. (Dec.)

✓ **SUN VALLEY SERENADE**—20th Century-Fox: Sonja Henie is a Norwegian refugee adopted by band player John Payne, who's in love with Lynn Bari, the band singer. When the orchestra goes to Sun Valley, Sonja goes along, determined to marry John. Sonja's enchanting and her skating numbers are excellent. (Nov.)

✓✓ **SUSPICION**—RKO-Radio: A triumph of direction and acting is this emotional, suspenseful masterpiece about a naive English girl, Joan Fontaine, who falls in love and marries Cary Grant, only to discover his worthlessness. Then dread and suspicion enter their lives and desperation brings on fearful consequences. (Dec.)

TANKS A MILLION—Hal Roach-U.A.: Running about fifty minutes, this small-sized panic is all about a draftee, a former railway information clerk, William Tracy, who annoys his superior officers by spouting from memory long passages from the Army manual. James Gleason is the enraged officer and Elyse Knox the eye-filler. But it's *Private Tracy's* picture. (Nov.)

THIS WOMAN IS MINE—Universal: Luscious Carol Bruce is a stowaway on a trading vessel during the 18th Century with John Carroll, Franchot Tone and Walter Brennan all on the ship. The only exciting moments in the picture are the last scenes depicting the conflict between the Indians and the white men. Otherwise it's completely uninspired. (Nov.)

TILLIE THE TOILER—Columbia: First of a new series, this introduces Kay Harris, who is pert, pretty and talented and makes an ideal Tillie. William Tracy is *Mac*, Jack Arnold the smug *Mr. Whipple*, and Daphne Pollard *Mumsy*. It flounders around a bit due to poor writing and direction, but give Tillie time. (Nov.)

TOM, DICK AND HARRY—RKO-Radio: Ginger Rogers is the little telephone operator who must choose between three suitors, business genius George Murphy, zany, poverty-stricken Burgess Meredith and rich Alan Marshall. Ginger dreams of her future with each and her dreams are price-less fun. You'll love it. (Oct.)

TWO LATINS FROM MANHATTAN—Columbia: Trite, corny and uninspired is this story of a night-club press agent, Joan Davis, who substitutes her roommates Jinx Falkenburg and Joan Woodbury, a song and dance team, for two Cuban entertainers who failed to arrive. Of course, everything gets very complicated. (Dec.)

✓ **UNFINISHED BUSINESS**—Universal: You'll undoubtedly enjoy this gay movie about small-town girl Irene Dunne who meets and falls in love with debonair Preston Foster who promptly forgets her. Out of spite she marries his brother, Robert Montgomery, but she can't forget Foster,

who is the outstanding performer of this picture (Nov.)

✓ **WEEK END IN HAVANA**—20th Century-Fox: Frothy, gay and tuneful is this typical Zanuck musical, pleasing to the eyes and ears. The featherweight plot has New York shop girl Alice Faye enjoying a Havana vacation at the expense of a steamship company and a romance with executive John Payne. Carmen Miranda's songs are hot-peppery and Cesar Romero is her flirtatious manager. (Dec.)

✓✓ **WHEN LADIES MEET**—M-G-M: A star-studded picture, this, smart and entertaining. Robert Taylor is in love with authoress Joan Crawford who is in love with publisher Herbert Marshall who is married to Greer Garson with obvious complications. Both the girls do splendid jobs, but Bob Taylor walks away with every scene. (Nov.)

✓ **WHISTLING IN THE DARK**—M-G-M: M-G-M's new prize comedian Red Skelton is introduced to you in this comedy, and Skelton proves himself a prize indeed as the radio crime story writer who's kidnapped by Conrad Veidt in order to create a perfect crime for Mr. Veidt. It's corn, we admit, but it's funny and gay. (Nov.)

WILD GEESE CALLING—20th Century-Fox: Henry Fonda is the boy with wanderlust who meets Joan Bennett, waterfront chorus girl, and marries her. But he follows disreputable Warren William to Alaska and meets disillusionment before he finally finds contentment. It's slow and aimless and dull, and Joan Bennett is thoroughly miscast. (Nov.)

WORLD PREMIERE—Paramount: John Barrymore is a movie producer who takes the cast of his movie, including Ricardo Cortez as the star and Virginia Dale the heroine, to Washington for the world premiere. A couple of saboteurs get mixed up with the troupe, but Barrymore happily believes it all a publicity stunt. It should be funny, but it turns out to be very unfunny. (Nov.)

✓ **YANK IN THE R.A.F., A**—20th Century-Fox: An exciting and timely show, with Tyrone Power as the fearless, cocky American who joins the R.A.F. and woos night-club dancer Betty Grable on the side. The scenes in the R.A.F. provide tremendous interest, and Reggie Gardiner and John Sutton are very good. (Dec.)



All that glitters is not gold; sometimes it's tinsel, as is the case of Christmas Girl Constance Moore. That gleam in her eyes probably came from being gifted with presents like those wished for by Laraine Day on page 34

Star Finds

IN THE STORES

BY MARION HAMMON

Things I Wish Men Would Do

(Continued from page 44) as men are to the unfair skin and rundown heels the ads are constantly reminding us about. They want us to be fastidious—why not return the compliment? It's like the remark May Robson once made about Douglas Fairbanks Jr. "He could be a castaway on a desert island and he'd still honor any co-castaways with his neatness . . . even if he had to de-whisker with a pickax!"

My next wish has to do with the memory of an evening a group of us enjoyed so immensely—when Charles Boyer ordered dinner. Perhaps it's because he has a Frenchman's flair for fine food but everything about the meal was so right. If only all men had the same knack! "What if the earth is topsy-turvy," said a fellow-guest, "there's no moratorium on good cheer and good eating while Charles is around!"

Fourth Wish: That men would show more appreciation and not take for granted everything you do to please them. It's funny about women. Nothing is too difficult for them if a man really values what they do. There's an old couple living in the Valley, for example, who have never had much money. But contentment rests in that place almost visibly. "In all the years we've been married," the wife told me one day when I stopped to get eggs from them, "he's never forgotten to say 'thank you.' No matter how small the thing is I do for him. I've worked hard in my time. But I never minded because he appreciated so much what I did." And that's the answer to a lot of happiness for a woman.

WISH men would take the trouble to grow up. In their ideas, their customs. There may be a certain boyish appeal about the perennial sophomore, but no girl wants to spend the rest of her life being his rooting section! He's bounded on the north by the stock market and on the other three sides by golf, poker and the paper. That is as far as his vision goes, until he decides to be adult. Then he looks beyond himself and discovers the world!

Wish No. 6 depends on a man's being mentally matured. (If he isn't, it's just a waste of time!) This is it: That he'd go on the assumption that women have an opinion of their own, especially on outside affairs of importance. Such as Fredric March does, for example. At a reception recently, a politician and his wife were talking to Freddy. That is, the politician was talking until Freddy maneuvered the conversation around so the wife had a chance. He drew her out, listened attentively. What she had to say was brilliant and thought-provoking. Her husband heard her with amazement. "Why, those are good ideas," he admitted. "And I never knew you had 'em!"

"You never bothered to find out!" she countered.

Perhaps it all sums up in the seventh wish—to have the whole male contingent put chivalry back on earth. Most men act as if they had the vitality of a ventriloquist's dummy when it comes to everyday acts of courtesy. Taking off their hats, rising when you enter a room, offering to light your cigarette and remembering to open and shut a car door. They'll ask you to dance when they can't dance—except on your feet. After all, it isn't the dragons a man slays that matter. It's the little things he does that make a girl want to keep her nose powdered!

THE END

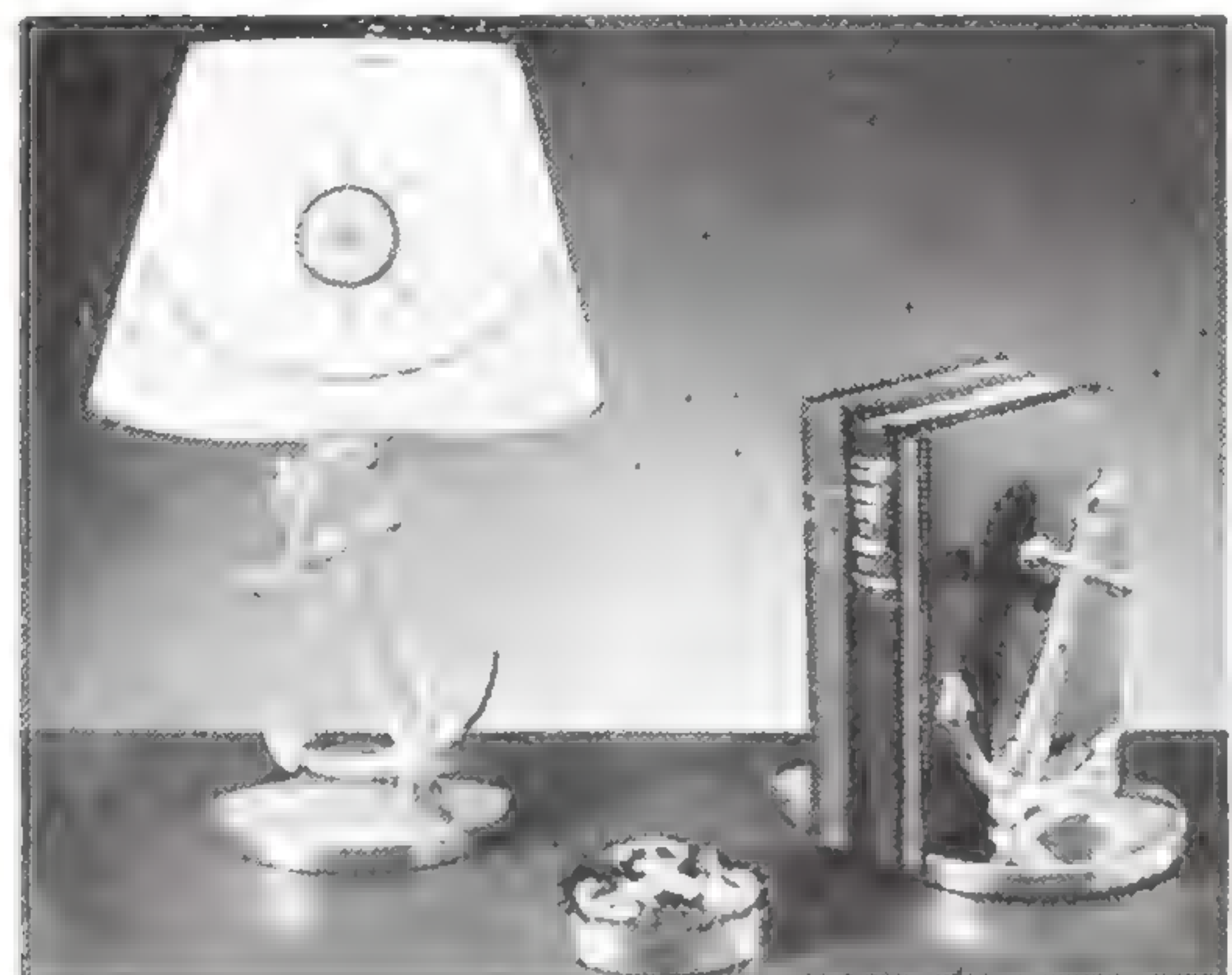
PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



BEAUTY IN A NUTSHELL: Dorothy Gray's Nut-Brown Red harmonized make-up. Brown-red lipstick, nail polish, rouge, harmonized box of face powder—all for only \$2.50.



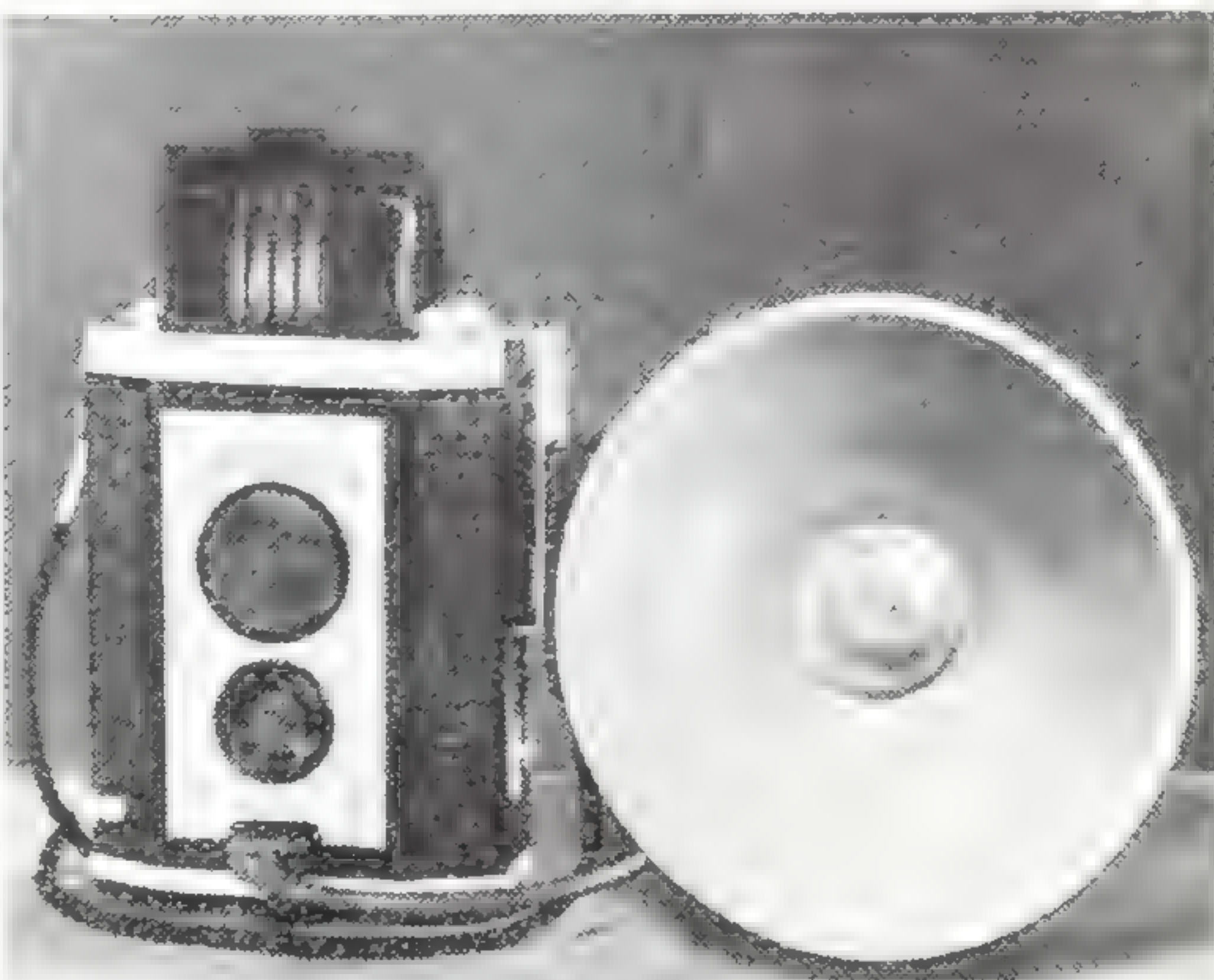
FOR BOTH OF THEM: Yardley's Combination Gift Set makes an ideal present for the married couples on your list since both of them will want to use it. Priced at \$3.35 the set.



DESK DECOR: Farragut Lamp for nautical readers \$2.50; Anchor bookends with a sea-going air \$2.50; Three Anchors ashtray \$1 a pair. Chase Brass & Copper Co.



SIGNATURE BRACELET: For the girl who has everything, a sterling hand-etched bracelet bearing her signature in her own handwriting. Found at B. Altman, N. Y., \$7.50.



JUST PICTURE IT: Even beginners take perfect indoor shots with Eastman's new camera—Brownie Reflex Synchro Model. May be used with or without flash attachment. About \$9.



FOR HIM: He'll wear his initials with pride if you give him Artistogram's gold-plated cuff links by Swank. They cost \$1.50 a pair at leading stores or Wanamaker's, N. Y.

I Wake Up Screaming!

(Continued from page 54) We would have fun when she got back. It wouldn't even matter if we didn't eat. Just so she was here. There was no night with Jill and no darkness. You can love a woman and it's like that. I love everything about her. She'd come in and I'd laugh. I'd say, "Hello, honey. Gee, you look swell, honey!"

I sat down on the bed and laid the cards out in a game of solitaire. But I couldn't play. It was getting late. Where was she? I got up and went to the window. *Where are you, Jill?*

I could stand it no longer and I left the apartment and went out on the street. The main avenue was a quarter of a block up and this street was dark and empty. I leaned against a big palm tree.

I stood there very quietly against the tree. I don't know how long I was there. Suddenly I was aware that a car had slid up to the curb and stopped. It was a radio patrol car!

The cops in it didn't see me there in the dark. They were staring into the court. My heart began to hammer. Why were they here? What were they doing?

The cops didn't even glance my way. I began to make out what they were saying.

"See anything?"

"No. This is a pain in the neck—having to check back here every hour."

"Yeah."

"They had a detective in there until six o'clock. If he was coming back he'd have been back before then."

"Sure."

"Like the girl said—he must have shipped aboard that foreign tanker that left last night."

"Yeah. He was the kind of a heel that'd do that—take a powder on the girl. Say—the lights are on in that apartment!"

"He must have come back. Come on!"

They piled out of the car and rushed into the court. Sweat was rolling off my body and for a moment I couldn't move. Jill's arrested! Jill's arrested! I heard it over and over. It was a screaming that echoed in my head.

I BEGAN to run. I ran up the street, cut through back yards. I ran down another street, then I got into an alley. In the alley I stopped running.

I walked. I walked along the dark streets and on the bright ones. I walked through the park on Ocean Avenue and sat under the city lights. In a big wire trash barrel I found a newspaper.

The headlines were big and black. Jill Lynn arrested. Police close in on fugitive hide-out. The paper said I had deserted Jill last night and gone to sea on a tanker bound for Brazil.

I read all the details carefully. The police had worked on the theory that we were somewhere in Long Beach. First they had painstakingly checked all recent hotel registrations. This job alone had taken almost three days. After that they had begun checking tenants who had rented apartments recently. They had third-class detectives all over town doing this and in the course of the survey one of them had come to our apartment.

Jill had been calm. The paper reported her only emotion had been one of bitterness. The money had run out and I had left her. The woman scorned. She was apparently ready to talk. They played that up big.

She was to be charged with aiding the escape of a fugitive from justice, and assault with intent to kill on an officer of the law!

That was Ed Cornell's touch. He knew

as well as I did that she hadn't intended to kill him!

There were pictures of the corduroy skirt and the sweater which were of no material value and had been left for the photographers. The tinfoil I'd seen had been from an exploded flashlight bulb!

I skipped over all the rest. It didn't matter. Jill had lied to protect me. She had kept her head and put on a wonderful show. All for me!

I thought of Ed Cornell. The way he had watched me. The way he had tormented me for weeks. Now he was spewing his bitterness on Jill. Assault—with intent to kill!

I dropped the paper. I began to walk. I was cold with hatred. I was scarcely conscious of anything else. I was going to Los Angeles. I was going to steal a car from a parking lot and go to Los Angeles.

I HAD parked the stolen car and for a long time I stood there on the hill and watched Robin Ray's house.

Then I moved silently across the road and my shadow was pale in the moonlight. I reached the side of the house and began to climb up along the stones. I made no sound at all. When I was at the window I slashed down at the screen with a jagged piece of rock. It tore and I jammed my fist in and unlatched it.

I crawled through the window into the room. Robin was stirring on the bed. I grabbed the floor lamp and put it on directly over him, so it would show down on his face. He was waking up.



Burning up celluloid in Fox's "Hot Spot" are Betty Grable and Vic Mature, performing as their fiction models, Jill and Peg, of Photoplay-Movie Mirror's "I Wake Up Screaming!"

"Don't move," I said.

"Wh-what?"

"If you move I'll kill you!"

"Who is it?" he said.

I told him.

It was half a minute before it hit him. Then he was wide awake, trying to look past the light and into the darkness at me. Robin was washed out. His eyes were bloodshot.

"Mind if I light a cigarette, old man?" he said.

"You won't need one."

He was motionless.

"I'm going to ask some questions," I said.

"Sure. Go ahead."

"I want the answers, Robin!"

"Sure."

He was rubbing his mottled skin. Apparently he was able to see me now.

"That day of the murder," I said, "you picked up Vicky Lynn outside her agent's office on the Sunset Strip."

"That's right."

"How come you never told the police?"

"I didn't at first because I figured it would have put me under suspicion, and it would have."

"What do you mean by at first?"

"They found out later," he said.

"Who found out?"

"Ed Cornell."

I was jarred. "Then you told him?"

"I didn't have to tell him—I wish you'd let me have a cigarette—he found out by himself. You see, Vicky and I had an argument."

"About her leaving you?"

"Yes. She was tossing me over for—for you."

"Go on."

"We had this argument. It meant a lot to me. Publicity angles and all that." He changed to the other elbow. "I lost my head. I began to yell at her and I didn't look where I was driving. I ran into a guy. No damage, except the bumper and windshield. The windshield shattered. Cornell found out about that and deducted the rest."

ED CORNELL had never told me this. Yet I remembered he had not accused me of having picked her up on Sunset—which had been the first police theory: He had stated I was waiting in the apartment when she came in. I was sick that Cornell was so far ahead of me; that these things which I had figured out he had known weeks ago! It was like a terrible race between us.

"You didn't hit her in the car—and kill her?"

"Good heavens, no!" Robin said.

"After the accident what happened?"

"I took her home. She didn't have the key to her apartment. She said she usually got a passkey from the boy at the desk. But the switchboard was jammed and the boy was gone."

"What did you do?"

"She said she knew a way to get in. We went upstairs, then out on the fire escape and crawled in the living-room windows."

I was stunned. His explanation was as good as mine, even better. "Go on," I said.

"That's all. In the apartment we argued some more—and I left."

"Was Harry Williams downstairs when you went out?"

"No—the switchboard was empty."

I moved a little closer. "Isn't it true that after you and Vicky were in the apartment you lost your temper and hit her? You hit her—and you had that big metal ring on your finger. I haven't seen the ring since."

"Haven't you? Let me get up and I'll get it."

"All right."

I moved back and he got out of bed, crossed the room in his pajamas and opened a dresser drawer. He took out the ring and tossed it to me.

"If I killed her that'd be Exhibit A—the weapon of murder. So—I make you a gift of it!"

I turned the ring over in my hand.

"Would I do that," he said, "if I were guilty?"

I couldn't speak.

"I appreciate what you're trying to accomplish," he said. "Personally, I never did think you were guilty. None of us did."

I started for the window. "I'm sorry I bothered you."

"It's all right. Need any dough?"

"I could use some," I said.

Robin picked up his wallet, flipped it open and took out all that was there. It amounted to forty dollars.

"Good luck," he said.

I drove the car down around the hills and on to Cahuenga. I kept driving. I meant to turn back but I kept driving. San Fernando fell behind me. The car ate up the black asphalt highway. My mind was turning the whole thing over. There were two of Ed Cornell's clues that bothered me. Vicky's shoe somebody had stood on and crushed. The cigarette that had been smashed out in the closet. Somebody had been hidden in the closet when she and Robin came in. Who? It had narrowed down to this. The answer of this one question contained the solution. I was suddenly possessed with the notion that I knew it.

THE town of Doris in California is near the state line. It is a small town, and in the hotel where I had a room it was very hot. But I didn't spend much time in the hotel. Through the long days I stopped every person I met and asked endless questions. I didn't look at newspapers. I didn't want to know what they were doing with Jill. I couldn't stand to know.

At the end of the first week I found him.

It was on a Saturday night and it was raining very hard. He lived in a ranch house ten miles out of town. I stood there at the door and rapped my knuckles against it. After a long time the door opened and a woman peered out. She was withered, but very hard, with sharp, ugly little eyes.

"What is it you want?"

"I came to see Bill Hunter."

"Who are you?"

"I'm a friend of his from Doris."

She opened the door. "Come in, then. He's there in the living room."

I came in and she closed the door. He was sitting next to an open fire. He turned and looked up at me.

"Hello, Harry Williams," I said.

He stared at me. The old woman was his aunt and she was saying: "William gets in a lot of trouble at the pool room, don't you, William?" She talked to him as though he were not quite bright. But suddenly it struck her that I had spoken his real name, and she turned to me.

"What did you call him?"

"Harry Williams."

"But he's not! How foolish! He's—"

Harry Williams was on his feet. The big yellow eyes behind the thick-lens glasses were horrible.

"Harry, who is this man?" she demanded.

"He's from Hollywood," Williams said evenly.

I watched him. "You killed Vicky, didn't you?"

He didn't speak.

"It was like this," I said. "When Lanny Craig left—you went back into the apartment to wait for Vicky."

"Yeah," he said.

"But you saw her coming in through the fire escape and Robin was with her. You weren't supposed to be hanging around in her apartment and you got scared. It was too late to make a break for the door—they'd have seen you. So you beat it into the bedroom. You hid in the closet! You smoked a cigarette in there and stood on one of her shoes."

"Yeah—yeah."

"You heard her and Robin arguing. You heard the door slam when Robin left. You came out of the closet—"

STAND clear, Harry!"

I turned. The old woman had a shotgun leveled at me. Harry saw it.

"No! Don't! I'm not afraid."

She lowered the gun but it was still pointed at me.

"Go on," Harry Williams said. "When you're through—there's something I want to say."

"You came out of the closet. Vicky saw you and screamed."

"Yeah."

"You were in love with her. You knew she'd signed a movie contract—was going to leave the apartment—"

He nodded; now he began to talk.

"Yeah. She screamed, and yelled at me to get out. Her screaming got me excited. I went a little crazy maybe—"



Latest figures on the Broadway strip-teaser Ann Corio: She's making news in the newest Producers Releasing Corporation picture, "Swamp Woman"

listen, here's what I told her—I swear I said, 'Vicky, you're going away. I want just one little kiss!' That's what I said." He was almost sobbing. "I only wanted one little kiss! But she kept screaming."

"I had that big iron key ring," he went on, "the ring with passkeys; I had it in my hand. I don't know what happened. I must have hit her. She went limp in my arms. Her eyes fluttered closed. I ran out of the apartment. I got a freight train—I came back here to Doris. They hid me. We changed my name. You see—you see—"

The old lady slammed the shotgun down across the table. She wasn't going to use it. "Harry, you're a fool!"

"What's the difference?" he said. "The cops figured this all out. They just said lay low and don't talk about the murder. They understood how it was. This guy'll understand, too—"

"What was it you said?"

"I said the cops, they—"

"Cops?"

"Well, no—just one detective, by himself. I suppose he told the others how it was. He was a guy from L.A., this

detective. His name was—"

It was noon. In Los Angeles the traffic was thick on the streets and the sidewalks were crowded with people. I was in an old hotel. I knocked at the door of a room. Then I went in.

Ed Cornell looked up.

"Hello, Operator Thirteen," I said.

He wore white pajamas. In the shadow that fell across the room from the window his face was long and evil. He had cards laid out in a game of solitaire. His face was jaundiced, sickly—and I knew somehow that he was on his last legs.

There were six different pictures of Vicky around the walls. They were large-size. In four of them she seemed to be looking at you. I felt cold.

I remembered all the things Ed Cornell had said. Harry Williams couldn't be guilty. Jealousy was the only strong motive. Jealousy. Rank, bitter hatred. The blind obsession of a man about to die. With each day his hatred for me had grown. It was very clear now.

For weeks he alone had been fully aware of the fact that Harry Williams was the murderer!

It didn't matter! He arrested me for the murder while Williams' confession still rang in his ears! He knew what he was doing. It was not the law I was fleeing—but him. He had trumped up a case, manufactured evidence.

And all the time he knew that Harry Williams was guilty.

It was only in the very beginning that he must have honestly believed I was the killer. He was too good a detective to hold that opinion long.

I HAD heard Vicky say months ago that Harry Williams had complained about his job and said he could always get employment in Doris, California. He was not overly bright but he realized that the police would find his home address without difficulty.

The place in Doris was an ace up his sleeve; and this only because his cousin had recently dropped him a card to the effect that fruit pickers were needed up there. Probably a hundred such cards were sent out to every address the cousin could find. When the fruit is ripe, or a week or so earlier, certain ranchers do this. But for Harry Williams it was obscurity. He went to Doris, was welcomed by a shrewd, mean and lonely old woman.

Ed Cornell, with only one possible clue—the post card from Harry's cousin, which might have been left in his room the night he fled—had journeyed alone to Doris, discovered Harry without difficulty, and heard his confession. And for what must have been the first time in Cornell's life—turned his back on a murderer.

Cornell gambled on the chance that no one else would ever find Williams. At least, until after I'd been hanged. If he was discovered then—by accident some day—it was of no importance. Ed Cornell knew that his own days were numbered and he cared nothing for the fact that it would be revealed he had deliberately sent an innocent man to the gallows. But he wanted first the satisfaction of seeing me hang. His was the most fantastic game in the world: he wanted to commit a legal murder!

Even now, with my appearance in this room, he labored under the impression that his plans were moving with flawless precision. He imagined that he had cornered me—that I was in a trap from which there was no possible escape.

He laid the card down now. He sat very still. I heard the sound of the clock; and I could hear the downtown traffic. He (Continued on page 64)

"The lamps are going out all over Europe; we shall not see them lit again in our lifetime."

SIR EDWARD GREY, 1914



The Light of Freedom

Strange and prophetic, the words of Sir Edward Grey, and full of meaning for Americans.

For the lamps of America are *not* going out — now or ever. The lights of America must continue to shine, not only as a symbol of our own freedom, but as a beacon of encouragement to those countries whose lights have — temporarily — been blacked out by the totalitarian scourge that threatens so much of the world.

For two years, we have urged all America to unite in a Night of Light on Christmas Eve as a symbol of our belief in the permanence of the Light of Freedom that we in this country enjoy.

For two years, Governors and Mayors have issued proclamations, patriotic organizations of all kinds and descriptions have given it their backing.

For two years America has been a blaze of light on Christmas Eve.

This year, more than ever before, it is important that we Americans re-examine our beliefs; rededicate ourselves to the traditions that made us and the tasks that confront us.

So again we ask, as a means of symbolizing our belief in the light of freedom and democracy, that we *light every lamp in America on Christmas Eve*. Doing this depends on everyone—on you, and you, and you.

*Will you, whether you can light a single candle
or throw the master switch of a whole factory,
Will you turn on the lights?*

*Will you, if you live in a community where
defense requirements make this inadvisable,
Will you light at least one lamp to join in
spirit in this symbol of freedom?*

The lights of America must never go out. Will you turn on yours this Christmas Eve?


O. J. Elder, Publisher
Photoplay-Movie Mirror



Do you Secretly long for Romance?



Linda Darnell and George Murphy starting in 20th Century-Fox' Musical "Rise and Shine". Easily have thrilling hands, yourself—with Jergens Lotion.

*Know the Lovely Part soft Hands
can play—Linda Darnell*
(Lovely Hollywood Star)



Linda Darnell's Lovely Hands

YOUR hands, too, can be rose-leaf smooth, cuddly-soft!

A little coarse, now? Jergens Lotion will soon help that! It's almost like professional hand care—with those 2 ingredients many doctors use to treat neglected, harsh skin.

If you'll use Jergens Lotion regularly—you'll help *prevent* that disappointing roughness and chapping. Because Jergens supplies softening moisture for your skin. No stickiness! \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢. Always use Jergens Lotion!

JERGENS LOTION

FOR SOFT
ADORABLE HANDS



FREE! PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE (MAIL THIS COUPON NOW)

(Paste on a penny postcard, if you wish)

The Andrew Jergens Company, Box 3534, Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada: Perth, Ontario)

I want to have those soft hands Linda Darnell advises. Please send purse-size bottle of Jergens Lotion—free.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

(Continued from page 62) spoke, as though he were talking to the cards.

"Come to give yourself up. I suppose you want to make a deal—you'll surrender if I let the girl go." He looked at me coldly. "Well, it's no good!"

I did not move.

"You'll excuse me if I don't get up," he said. "The doctor's got me in bed. But you wouldn't be interested, would you?"

"I was talking to Harry Williams," I said.

His face was expressionless. But his eyes went chill.

"I heard the confession," I said, "and you heard it—weeks ago, and yet—" I could feel Vicky's eyes staring down. "You were still determined to hang me."

The room was silent. He began mixing the cards. Suddenly he leapt from the bed and toward a table. I grabbed him and slammed him back across the bed. The moment he fell he was seized with a fit of coughing. He lay there, that cough racking his throat. His police gun was on the table. He hadn't reached it. I didn't go near it.

"Well?"

"Nothing," I said. "There's no words. It's over. I'm released. The game between us is finished."

He just watched me. I turned. One by one I ripped the pictures of Vicky from off the wall. I tore them into bits. Then I leaned back against the dresser. I was breathing hard.

His eyes dropped. He looked at his hands. He was sitting on the edge of the bed, his pajamas hanging loose on his thin body.

"Call the D.A.," he said. "Tell him to come over here."

HOW do you say *The End*? What are the words you use? For there is no end, really. There are simply episodes, and all of the episodes put together make one lifetime. It's rather wonderful! I remember I could not end the first play I wrote because I felt the drama was but a particle of the lives of the people in it, and they should go on. I cannot end this.

Ed Cornell told the whole story to the District Attorney and Jill was released. Ed Cornell did not elaborate.

He offered no excuse for himself, and I made no charge against him. Two weeks ago he died of tuberculosis in a sanitarium in Arizona. Harry Williams was arrested in Doris, California, and sentenced to life in San Quentin.

So the end did not come violently. It was all gradual. The Williams trial. The death of Cornell. And that day in Santa Barbara when Jill and I were married in an old Spanish mission. There are so many things! The opening of my first picture, "Winter In Paris," and the nice house beside the sea where Jill and I live. All of these things have become reality, but if this were a screen play I think I'd go back—back to that day Cornell confessed—and write the fade-out with the scene of Jill's release from jail.

It was late afternoon, and the sun shone dimly on the gray stone steps. Pigeons strutted up and down, and people were coming and going. Jill came out, wearing a green skirt that was tight on her hips, and the sandals with red cork heels. She came down the steps, and she saw me.

"Why, darling," she said, "you've shaved!"

I was holding her in my arms then and it was very hard for me to speak. I just held her close, and finally I said:

"Hello, mommy!"

The End.

Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 4) life of the average human society . . . and then Douglas confounds them by not agreeing with them at all. . . .

"I'm not sure I'm doing the right thing by Hollywood," he says . . . "I incline toward believing that the public prefers to think of its stars as supernatural, unreal beings, set apart in every way . . . maybe that is really an actor's mission in life . . . to supply dream pictures and appearances . . . but for me, personally, I've got to help out in these awful days. . . ."

Having seen the new box-office figures for the major portion of the year 1940 . . . it throws all Hollywood . . . but worst of all Paramount . . . to see Miss Betty Grable in the list of the first box-office ten . . . Betty's too forthright to be called a glamour girl . . . too curvaceous to be called a dramatic artiste . . . too cute to be called artistic . . . but there she is, bringing in that folding money. . . .

And when they talk of Grable these nights, they automatically talk of Alice Faye . . . for with Alice's retirement from acting for a year in which to have her first child . . . Grable not only automatically becomes queen of the Twentieth Century lot . . . but queen of Hollywood's musical comedies . . . they speak with amused admiration of Grable and her success . . . but when inner Hollywood talks of Alice, they talk with tenderness. . . .

For now it can be told that there never has really been a time in all her movie days that Alice has been quite happy . . . with the possible exception of the first few months she knew Tony Martin . . . she attained stardom . . . she attained wealth . . . but within her soul, Alice was always troubled and lonely and miserable. . . .

The demands of her career always confused her . . . interviews frightened her . . . strangers terrorized her . . .

So inside Hollywood isn't absolutely sure that she will even come back to the screen after her baby is born . . . she's wildly happy now, married to Phil Harris. . . .

Thus speaking of love, they think of the Gables . . . and they speculate about Carole Lombard . . . Carole Lombard in search of a picture . . . vivid, dynamic Carole who was so sure that what she wanted was what the public wanted, too . . . and who then had the misfortune . . . or the miscalculation . . . to get three flops in a row . . . today her health is poor . . . she looks constantly tired and overstrained . . . yet you see her frantically reading books, plays, original scripts . . . and Hollywood wonders and wonders . . . she should be so happy . . . the price on some careers runs very high . . . and Carole is too exciting, too stimulating for Hollywood to want her to pay too high a price. . . .

But it is a changing Hollywood when even the inner ring will consider that it might be wise to give up a career . . . as Alice Faye may . . . as Stirling Hayden has . . . and it is a changing Hollywood when it is voluntarily put aside as Douglas Fairbanks has put it aside "for the duration" . . . and it is a wonderful Hollywood when a picture can be both artistic and commercial as "How Green Was My Valley" certainly is . . . and when it comes to the Bioff case. . . .

Well, what Hollywood says about that one I can't tell you . . . as much as I wish I could . . . I can't tell you through the pages of a friendly family magazine . . . ah, no, indeedy. . . .

The End.

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They were all in there rooting for the team: Ed Keller, the most football-minded alumnus and trustee, Patricia and Michael Barnes. Tommy was conspicuous by his absence, but then, Tommy thought football was sometimes a waste of time

The Male Animal

(Continued from page 41) did not want to talk to Tommy about the professorship. They found him in his study, looking grave. With him was Michael Barnes, senior and editor of the student body's quarterly Literary Magazine. The Turners knew Michael well: he was the rival of Wally Myers, the reigning star of the Midwestern team, for the affections of Patricia, Ellen's sister. At the moment he was very glum.

"What's the matter?" Tommy asked.

"Michael has written another of his fiery editorials," Dr. Damon said, waving a magazine in the air. "This is the Literary Magazine, which comes out tomorrow. Perhaps, to save time, I should read the editorial aloud. 'When this so-called University forces such men out of its faculty as Professor Kennedy, Professor Sykes and Professor Chapman, because they have been ignorantly called Reds, it surrenders its right to be called a seat of learning. It admits that it is nothing more or less than a training school for bond salesmen, farmers, real-estate dealers and ambulance chasers. It announces to the world that its faculty is subservient. . . .'"

"Oh, I didn't mean you, of course, Dr. Damon," Michael said hastily.

"... to its trustees, and that its trustees represent a political viewpoint which is sheer Fascism. Those professors were not Reds. They were distinguished liberals. Let us thank God that we still have one man left who is going ahead teaching what he believes should be taught."

THE Dean paused. Tommy lit a cigarette and said interestedly, "Who's that?"

Instead of answering, the Dean continued reading: "He is not afraid to bring up even the Sacco-Vanzetti case. He is going to read to his classes on the same day Vanzetti's last statement and Lincoln's letter to Mrs. Bixby. The hounds of bigotry and reaction will, of

course, be set upon the trail of this courageous teacher, but they will find him brave as a tigress—' Is that a misprint, Michael?"

"Yes, sir," Michael said.

"Our hats are off to Professor Thomas Turner of the English Department."

"Michael," Tommy said sharply, "I think you might have consulted me about this."

"I—" Michael began, but Ellen interrupted him. "You never told me you were going to bring up the Sacco-Vanzetti case in your classes, Tommy."

"I wasn't. I was going to read that letter because it's a fine piece of English composition and I'm teaching a class in English composition."

ELLEN said reproachfully, "Did you want to get Tommy kicked out of school, Michael?"

"No. I didn't think of that," Michael admitted. "I thought he was about the only man we had left who would read whatever he wanted to to his classes. I thought he was the one man who would stand up to these stadium builders."

"I'm not standing up to anyone, Michael," Tommy said miserably. "I'm not challenging anyone. This is just an innocent little piece I wanted to read."

"I'm afraid you'll have to deny you ever intended to read it," the Dean said regretfully. "With Ed Keller and the rest of the trustees rather upset, at the moment, over the late presence of—er—Reds—in the faculty. . . ."

"Of course Tommy'll deny it," Ellen said. But she remembered, later, that he didn't, just then, confirm that statement.

The interview with Dr. Damon cast a pall over the evening for Tommy and Ellen—and for Ellen's sister Patricia, too, when she heard of it. Times like this, when Michael Barnes' tendency to take himself and the world too seriously landed him in trouble with the authorities, made Patricia think she preferred

Wally Myers, who took only football seriously.

Still, the cocktail party went off well enough—up to a point. Joe Ferguson arrived first, driving a long, low-slung limousine. And he *was* just the same, Ellen thought. He hadn't changed a bit. He roared when he saw her:

"Ellen! How are you, baby? Boy, you look great!" And he threw his arms around her, whirled her off her feet in a wide circle.

"Joe! You fool! Put me down!" Ellen shrieked, laughing, just as Tommy came in from the kitchen bearing a full cocktail shaker.

Fast on Joe's heels came the Kellers—Ed about forty-eight, getting heavy around the middle; Myrtle plump and still reminiscently pretty. Ed and Joe greeted each other with noisy, affectionate insults and some back-pounding, and fell into eager talk about the chances of the Big Red Team tomorrow. The Damons arrived and Myrtle Keller and Mrs. Damon spoke of mutual friends who had been, were about to be, or should be, operated upon.

Dean Damon picked up a book and Tommy, bored, drank a few too many cocktails.

Cleota, the Turners' maid, circulated sadly around the room with a tray, repeating to everyone, "Hore doves?" in her soft Southern voice.

IT was Mrs. Damon who made the fatal error. In a conversational lull at supper she said to Patricia, "Where's Michael Barnes this evening? Frederick tells me he's written a remarkable editorial."

Patricia said nervously, "He couldn't come. He doesn't like parties."

Chattily pursuing the subject, Mrs. Damon said, "I'm always so interested in the Literary Magazine. What was the editorial, Patricia?"

"Eat your dinner, my dear," Dr. Damon said. "Remember, Mr. Keller . . . wants to get to the rally."

Ed perked up. "Who is this Barnes? What's this about an editorial?"

"Oh—it's nothing, really," Ellen said.

But Tommy said, "Since it's come up, Ellen, we might as well tell Mr. Keller. He'll read about it tomorrow, when the Magazine comes out. I told Michael I was going to read something to one of my English classes and he got a mistaken idea about it and wrote a sort of—"

"What was it this kid said you were going to read? Anything important?"

Tommy hesitated—then took the step. "It's a short but beautifully written piece of English by Bartolomeo Vanzetti."

"Never heard of him," Ed said comfortably. He raised his fork to his lips and abruptly lowered it. "Hey, you don't mean Vanzetti of Sacco and Vanzetti—the Reds that were executed in Massachusetts for murder?"

"Yes, the same man. Only, a lot of people don't believe either of those men committed the murder. The letter is part of a series. I read many such letters to my class."

"You mean letters by *anarchists*?"

Tommy restrained himself. "No," he said quietly, "letters by men who were not professional writers—like Lincoln, General Sherman—"

"Well!" Keller puffed. "It's a darn good thing you changed your mind. Putting Lincoln and General Sherman in a class with Vanzetti! Wouldn't look very good. You better deny it quick, Turner. I can promise you the trustees will clamp down on any professor who tries anything funny. I'm telling you that for your own good."

Joe came to the rescue of the tense situation by dragging Ed into the library

for another drink.

"Tommy," Ellen said, "Tommy, you're not going ahead and read that letter?"

"Yes, Ellen, I think I have to. Monday morning."

"Tommy! Try to be practical for once. Do you think Joe would do something that would get him into trouble just because somebody irritated him?"

"Joe!" Tommy snapped. "I don't see why you don't try to understand how I feel about this."

They were saved from a quarrel only by the re-entry of Joe and Ed, clamoring to be off to the rally. Tommy said he didn't think he'd go along—he didn't feel very well. Ellen, pressing her lips together, yielded to Joe's insistence that she go with him.

THE following morning the Literary Magazine was distributed on the campus. About eleven o'clock reporters descended upon Midwestern University. They besieged Ed Keller and other trustees, they maintained an active surveillance of Tommy Turner's house. But they could not find Tommy. He had gone for an early-morning walk.

He came back about one o'clock. Ellen was waiting for him in the library. She had been worried over his absence, so naturally when he returned, looking perfectly normal, she was angry. The first thing she wanted to know was whether or not he'd denied that he was going to read Vanzetti's letter. When he said he hadn't, she sighed, "You mean you've decided you will read it. Tommy, I don't know what to say to you."

Tommy, about to go upstairs, turned. "I think maybe you've said enough already. Last night I began to see you, and myself, clearly for the first time."

Ellen blushed. "Oh—you saw Joe kiss me! I thought that was it."

"No," Tommy admitted, "I didn't. Did he kiss you?"

"Yes, he did! And I want you to stop this. If you're going to be jealous, be jealous, rave or throw things, but don't act like the lead in a Senior Class play!"

Running a hand furiously through his hair, Tommy said, "I'm not jealous! I'm trying to tell you that I don't care what you and Joe do! It's very lucky that he came back just now. I mean on the money I make, I can go on fine alone, reading whatever I want to to my classes. That's what I want."

"Oh, that's what you want! All of a sudden! More than me?"

"It isn't so sudden," Tommy said. "It's logical. We get in each other's way. You wear yourself out picking up after me. And anyway, you've always been in love with Joe Ferguson. I knew it last night when I saw you two together again."

"All right. Have it your own way," Ellen said. "If you want to be free, then I want to be free—and I've gone around for years mooning about Joe. Well, maybe I have—maybe I have, because I'm certainly sick of you right now!"

ELLEN went to the game that afternoon with Joe. Tommy listened to it on the radio, in company with Michael Barnes and the remains of last night's liquor.

"Do you know," Tommy asked Michael toward the end of the afternoon, "the first law of human nature?"

"Yes. Self-propagation."

Tommy shook his head. "Not any more. Defense of the home. Against prowlers and predatory—prowlers. Do you know what the tiger does when the sanctity of his home is jeopardized?"

"Um—he talks it over with the other man, quietly and calmly." Michael helped himself to another drink.

"He does not!" Tommy sputtered. "Let



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us take the wolf. What does he do? I mean when they come for his mate? He tears 'em to pieces."

"But we are civilized men," Michael said. "Aren't we?"

Tommy pounded on the top of the radio. "And so does the leopard," he shouted, "and the lion, and the hawk. They tear 'em to pieces. Without a word. Let us say that the tiger wakes up one morning and finds that the wolf has come down on the fold. What does he—? Before I tell you what he does," Tommy explained in his best classroom manner, "I will tell you what he does not do."

"Yes, sir," Michael said.

"He does not expose everyone to a humiliating intellectual analysis. He comes out of his corner like this—" Tommy jumped up, took a fighting pose, swayed, and sat down again. "The bull elephant in him is aroused," he said.

"Can't you stick to one animal?" Michael asked.

"No. That's my point. All animals are the same, including the so-called human being. We are all male animals, too. Even the penguin. He stands for no monkey business where his mate is concerned. Swans have been known to drown fierce Scotties who threatened their nests. Think of the sea lion for a minute. His mate is lying there in a corner of the cave on a bed of tender boughs. Now, who comes swimming quietly in through the early morning mist, sleek and powerful, dancing and whirling and throwing kisses?"

"Joe Ferguson," Michael said.

"And what do I do?"

"You say 'hello.'"

Tommy nodded sadly. "But the sea lion knows better. He snarls, he gores, he roars with his antlers. He knows that love is a thing you do something about. He knows it is a thing that words can kill. You do something. A woman likes a man who does something. I hope I have made all this clear to you. Are there any questions?"

"Yes," Michael said. "Who are those people looking at us?"

Tommy turned around. Ellen and Joe were in the doorway. Ellen, in disgust, turned and went upstairs. "You guys are pie-eyed," Joe said.

Tommy got up and came toward him, crouching a little. "So!" he said. "You crept into this house to take Ellen away, didn't you? You thought it was the house of a weak professor, didn't you? Well, come outside! Come outside, where I can knock you cold."

"Now, wait a minute!" Joe protested, but Tommy had him by the arm and was tugging him toward the back yard.

It was about this time that things became completely confused for Tommy. He remembered, later, launching a terrific haymaker at Joe's chin. It landed instead on Joe's nose, which began to bleed. Joe seemed to push him and after that he didn't remember anything at all.

HE woke up with a terrific headache. It was morning. He was in his bedroom and a photographer was in the tree outside, pointing a camera at him. He got up and pulled down the blind. Through the window on the other side of the room he saw Dean Damon in the back yard next door.

The Dean looked up. "Hello, Thomas," he said. "How do you feel?"

"I'm not sure," Tommy said weakly. "How do I look?"

"Er—I think we'd better drop that subject," the Dean said after a quick glance at Tommy's battered face. "Do you think you'll be able to read the letter? That is—if you plan to read it—"

"Yes," Tommy said, "I plan to. Lucky



"They Got Me Covered," Bob Hope's chuckle opus, gets read from cover to cover by Claudette Colbert, rates grins from the Colbert who isn't so bad on chuckles herself. Cal York read the book too—and has something to say about it on p. 12

today is Sunday—gives me all day to rest up."

"Correction," the Dean said. "Today is Monday. Monday noon, to be exact."

"Huh? Wasn't there a Sunday this week?"

"Such a Sunday as I hope never to see again! You were the subject of every sermon in town."

Tommy groaned. "Guess I'd better hurry and dress," he said without enthusiasm.

He hoped he'd see Ellen before he left the house. But she wasn't there. Probably had gone off with Joe Ferguson already, he guessed. He couldn't blame her, after the way he'd acted.

English 2-B had been moved into the auditorium, he discovered when he reached his usual classroom. Too many visitors wanted to attend the class. Michael, who met Tommy on his way to the auditorium, said stoutly, "They're trying to bluff you, Mr. Turner, with a crowd. Keller'll probably start some rough stuff. They think you're scared."

"I am," Tommy said.

He entered the auditorium by the stage door. From the wings he could hear the murmur of a packed house out front. Ed Keller was waiting backstage with Dean Damon and pounced upon him. "See here, Turner," he shouted, "we just had a trustees' meeting in the President's office. Michael Barnes is out and you're on your way out. You'll be asked to resign tonight."

"Sorry, Mr. Keller. I'm taking my stand."

"There's just one thing that'll save your neck—go out there and say you were sick. Say you didn't know anything about Barnes' editorial. You think it's an outrage. You're not going to read this Vanzetti thing, and you think Barnes is getting what he deserves."

Dean Damon said: "Professor Turner wouldn't say that about Michael, Mr. Keller, and you shouldn't ask him to."

Tommy threw the Dean a grateful glance and walked out on the stage. His first impression was that he'd never seen so many people in his life. He wanted to turn and run.

Over in one corner he caught sight of Ellen—with Joe Ferguson. He could

not tell for sure, but he thought she was crying.

"The class will please come to order," he said—then realized he couldn't be heard and pitched his voice higher. "Last week—if you remember—I happened to mention that I wanted to read you three letters, written by men whose profession was not literature but who had something sincere to say. Once I had declared that harmless intention, the world began to shake, great institutions trembled and football players descended upon me and my wife. I realized then that I was doing something important."

He paused and the crowd stirred expectantly.

THE men whose letters I picked were Lincoln, General Sherman and Bartolomeo Vanzetti. Originally, I chose Vanzetti to show that even broken English can sometimes be very moving and eloquent. But now—they have made it more than that. They say Vanzetti was an anarchist. I am not concerned with his politics—I only intended to read this letter for its value as English composition. This is a dangerous thing to bring up, of course, and an even more dangerous thing to keep down. I am not a politician and had no idea of starting all this. But if they want to make it political, all right! I'm fighting for a teacher's rights and a student's rights and the rights of everybody in this land. Nobody can suppress ideas just because he doesn't like them—least of all in a university, where it is our job to bring light into this muddled world."

There was complete silence in the hall. In a momentary pause, Tommy looked at Ellen. She didn't seem to be crying now. Like everyone else, she was listening intently.

"This is not about Vanzetti," he went on. "It is about us. And if I can't read this letter today, tomorrow none of us will be able to read anything except what Edward K. Keller and the trustees permit us to read! You know where that leads—and where it has led in other places. We hold the fortress of free thought and free speech in this place this afternoon."

He pulled a small book from his pocket.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

"I'm afraid this may disappoint many of you. It is not inflammatory. Vanzetti wrote it in April, 1927, after he and Sacco were condemned to die. Here it is: 'If it had not been for these things, I might have live out my life talking at street corners to scorning men. I might have die, unmarked, unknown, a failure. Now we are not a failure. Never in our full life could we hope to do so much work for tolerance, for justice, for man's understanding of man, as now we do by accident. Our words—our lives—our pain—nothing! The taking of our lives—the lives of a good shoemaker and a poor fish-peddler—all! That last moment belongs to us—that agony is our triumph!'"

He lowered the book. "That's all," he said tiredly. "Class dismissed." And walked off the stage.

"Nice work, Turner," Ed Keller said sarcastically. "Now you're out of a job. You're going to starve—" But Tommy went on past him.

HE was on the campus when he heard them coming out of the auditorium—the whole crowd yelling. A car whizzed up to him and Joe Ferguson called, "Hey—get in! The mob's after you!"

Tommy squared himself off. "I knew it," he said fatalistically. "Let 'em come!"

"No, no! Get in the car!" Joe grabbed him and hustled him into the back seat.

"They'll hurt Ellen!" Tommy protested.

"No, they won't. I'll go get her—you lie down on the floor out of sight!"

Tommy obeyed orders and a moment later heard Joe ushering Ellen into the front seat. The car started off.

"But where's Tommy?" Ellen demanded.

Joe laughed. "I wouldn't worry about that guy," he said surprisingly. "But I suppose you're still crazy about him, aren't you?"

"I'm kind of scared of him," Ellen said. "He used to be just—nice, but now he's wonderful!"

Tommy slowly sat up until he could see Ellen. She was sniffing into her handkerchief.

"I don't think he's so wonderful," Joe said.

"He is, too! That letter's wonderful! What he's trying to do is wonderful. He wouldn't let me or you or anyone stop him. When he read that letter—that's when he was the real male animal, not when he punched you on the nose Saturday." The sniffing changed to a pitiful wail. "Oh, Joe—he's so wonderful!"

Tommy poked his head across the seat. "I think you're wonderful, too," he said.

"You were listening!" she said accusingly and might have said more, but at that moment a flying wedge of students appeared out of a side street and blocked the car's progress. Joe had to stop. Cries of "There he is, boys! Let's get him!" filled the air. Clutching hands lifted Tommy bodily out and tossed him to the shoulders of a brawny football star. And suddenly Tommy realized that the yelling he'd heard was really cheering and that they weren't bent on lynching him but on carrying him home in a triumphal procession.

Feeling dazed, happy and quite foolish, he was borne down the campus to his own doorstep. Ellen came running through the crowd to him. With everyone looking on, he swept her into his arms and kissed her.

"Tommy!" he heard her say. "Don't be so rough! And comb back your hair! You look terrible!"

"Don't give me that!" he ordered. "I look wonderful."

"Yes, dear," Ellen said hurriedly. "Yes, dear. You look wonderful."

The End.

"I'm known at home as the ugly duckling"



"Hm! Pretty good-looking duckling to me! What d'you mean, you're known at home . . . ?"

"Dad calls me that on account of what I *used* to be. You should have known me then! Thin, skinny, run-down—I even used to . . ."



"Pretty soon—a dream come true! But what's this business about tomato juice?"

"That's the new way to take yeast. Lookit! Mash a cake of FLEISCHMANN'S in a dry glass with a fork, add a little tomato juice, stir till blended, fill up the glass, and drink. Delicious!"



"Used to *what*?"

"Scare babies, like this! And then I was told I had a Vitamin B Complex deficiency."

"Say it in English!"

"It's a shortage of those amazing vitamins you find in their natural form in fresh yeast. So I bought a week's supply of FLEISCHMANN'S. Took two cakes a day in nice cool tomato juice, and pretty soon . . ."



Ever read the FLEISCHMANN label? This is the only yeast with all these vitamins. And the only sources of the important Vitamin B Complex are *natural* sources, such as yeast and liver. Remember, if you bake at home, that three of the important vitamins in FLEISCHMANN'S, B₁, D, and G, are not appreciably lost in the oven; they go right into the bread.

Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast For Natural Vitamin B Complex

Ida, the Mad Lupino

(Continued from page 53) my age."

That should have been the tip-off.

After all, the studio people weren't fooled. Within a few days, as a matter of fact, they had a Little Talk with Connie Lupino, Ida's mother. "What is this?" they asked, not very politely. "The way this kid talks to reporters—she ought to be posing for baby food ads."

"Look," Connie said, "she is only a baby. . . ."

" . . . without a trace of talent," said Connie to her guest. (Scene: the Stanley Lupino drawing room in London, winter, 1928.) She glanced at Ida crouched over a book in the bay window seat and lowered her voice. "She's ten, but not at all like a Lupino. No feeling for drama, no ambition toward the stage. . . . However, such an obedient, sweet, well-behaved child."

From the window seat young Ida raised blasé eyelids and looked at her mother with what she felt was mingled world-weariness and mystery in her eyes. How Little They Know, she thought. The pages of her book were blurred by a glaze of pleasurable tears; brushing them aside with the back of her hand, as she had seen several leading ladies do in such circumstances, Ida focused again on the third chapter of "Smilin' Through."

She was not unaware of her heritage. She knew the Lupino legend by heart—how in medieval years the family had been jugglers and street entertainers, how they came to England from Italy about the time of Shakespeare, wore stocks for working without licenses and eventually spawned a brood of acting Lupinos that came to be the theater's oldest family.

She understood how important it was to be a daughter of Stanley Lupino, England's foremost comedian, and of Connie Emerald. But Stanley and Connie were busy, after all; Connie was enchanted with her daughters, and by them, but when there was a job to do it was enough that they were well, and happy, and had good manners.

At private school, the Clarence House school at Hove where Ida stayed until she was eleven, she knew only discipline and routine. Home was a different matter. It was a 200-year-old structure full

of dark crannies, paneling and stained-glass windows, and it was almost always crowded with itinerant guests, actors down on their luck who came to Stanley because they knew he wouldn't refuse them.

The air rang with rehearsals, with the constant undertone of people muttering lines to themselves; and sometimes, late, when everyone—including Nannie and the servants—were asleep, Ida pulled Rita out of bed and led her to the stair landing where, in the dim light, the two children gave their own interpretation of what they had heard that day.

THE time had come now, however, for greater things. The two Lupino girls approached Stanley, asked for a hut to be built in the back yard, explained they wanted a stage large enough to crawl onto and room for at least five neighborhood friends to crouch before it. "So we can give plays," Ida said, when Stanley asked why.

"All right," he said, "but that's all it will be. A hut. I'll give it three afternoons this week."

He gave it eight months, all told, having become utterly charmed with the idea after that initial conference; and when the hut was finished it had employed the services of eight workmen, besides two electricians, and was a private theater boasting regularly employed prop men, a call board, fifteen lots of scenery, a foyer, a flyaway, a pit and real stalls with tip-up chairs, each holding a cigarette tray on its back. The entire shebang cost a small fortune and could seat 100.

"Well, I had a dream of such a theater when I was a boy," Stanley explained defensively when the scandalized Connie saw the bills. "Now I've got it."

"But the children," Connie wailed. "It was supposed to be for them!"

"Oh—oh yes," said Stanley. "Well, and they shall use it, too. But appropriately, mind you. Appropriately." And the rolling of his r's was fine to hear.

Wherefore the child Ida was given roles in "Hamlet" and modern productions of the "Ladies In Retirement" variety at the age of eleven, clad in full evening dress and allowed to perform before a chosen audience who had previously been

warned what to expect. Now it cannot honestly be recorded that Ida Lupino, at eleven years, walked out on that stage and appeared to be a tragic woman of thirty. But she gave a strangely acceptable imitation of such a woman. The applause at her exit (the night of her debut) was gratifyingly loud, although it was unaided by the four hands you would have expected to clap the loudest.

Connie and Stanley were too deeply astonished to applaud. "Why—it's incredible," whispered Ida's mother vaguely, still staring at the curtained stage.

"By heaven!" shouted Stanley. "The gel can act!"

He was only mildly surprised, therefore, when less than two years later she knocked on the door of his study, entered shyly but with her mouth thin and determined and announced she wanted to quit school for a career.

"You're only thirteen," he said.

"And a half."

"There's your school."

"I'm two years ahead," she told him, after a moment. "I cheated."

"Cheated!"

"I studied at night," she said. "I sneaked downstairs during lights out and studied. Because I thought if I did that I could get out sooner, and. . . ."

"And what?"

"And be an actress." She faced him, chin and lower lip firm, brow defiant. Stanley wavered, folded his hands.

"We'll make a bargain," he said, as so many fathers in like crises have said before him. "I want you to go to Switzerland for a time—there's a school I've in mind. But if you can get a job within the next six weeks, not using the Lupino name or connections, you've my permission to do as you like." *That's safe enough*, he thought. *She can't do that.*

But she did.

SHE was abnormally tall for her years anyway and in certain of Connie's clothes she looked old enough to match her language, which was the language of the stage, of the Lupino social set. Worldly and full of shop talk and reeking of the theater, that language; and she used it well. Besides, she had found a bottle of peroxide in the medicine cabinet, so that her hair quite suddenly became sophisticated hair.

The job she got was not much. A stage manager happened to need someone to play a maid. A thin, haggard girl in someone's obviously cast-off clothes applied for the part, looked the part, and furthermore said her name was Ida Ray. He hired her, writing in the minimum wage allowable to salve his conscience.

She rushed into Stanley's study that evening, full of triumph, harsh-voiced with fatigue. "I've done it," she croaked. "I've got a job! The bargain's done, you made it yourself. No more school. . . ."

She looked grotesquely young, pitifully vulnerable, standing there in her shapeless dress with her undisciplined straw-colored hair awry and her ankles twisting on unaccustomed heels. Stanley must have found his heart full of pride for the kid, plus a sharp, nostalgic understanding of her eagerness—he was an actor and therefore a sentimental man. He walked slowly to the window, stood looking out with his back to Ida. He waited the effect-pause no longer than was absolutely necessary.

Then, relieved, he turned and beamed on the child. "Aren't you the one!" He said. And, "Oh now, none of that. Come here, put your head here. Why the tears? You knew I'd keep my promise."



Getting familiar with the Lupino family: Father Stanley, Ida, Connie and Rita in a private "at home" musical comedy

THERE were the next two years, until she was fifteen, and they were too crowded, too full of things and people and happenings, so that even today they make a blur when she thinks of them.

At the Royal Dramatic School of Art, about this time, she met a boy named Jack, a brilliant youngster whose future in the theater seemed assured and who recognized in Ida perhaps more than the other students, or even her parents, knew was there. Ida was ever a dramatic child: when he played the Knight in Shining Armor to her Maiden in Distress (in the school's experimental productions) she translated the dialogue into words that had a meaning to herself—and so did he—

They fell in love, which is important not only to her history but to Ida personally, and always will be, since it was first love, dressed in all the ideals such youth as theirs could invent. From it they concocted dreams. "Someday, when we are stars, and rich, we'll buy a castle with a moat. . . ."

Then, finally, it was over. Jack had gone abroad, and Ida was busy growing up. But the dream was still there. She remembered it for years, until another, greater dream supplanted it.

Playing small parts, attending the Royal Academy of Art and falling in love occupied her during the first of those two incredible years. The second is more unbelievable still. It began with Allan Dwan's coming to England to do a picture and with Connie's asking Ida to spend an afternoon with her on an Elstree sound stage to watch cousin Lupino Lane direct Stanley in a talkie. Dwan came up to Connie, pointed to Ida, said, "That's the first English girl I've seen who looks American enough for this story. Let me give her a screen test."

"She's too young," Connie said absently, watching Stanley rehearse.

But Dwan was persistent. He tested Ida the next day, the forty-first test he had run, and hired her forthwith. Whereupon Connie once more had to stand and watch her fourteen-year-old daughter make violent love to a man of thirty-five. She felt ashamed, in a way; but at the same time she knew the exultation, the pride that Stanley had felt that evening when Ida had come to him with her first job. She was such an infant, that Ida, but *what an actress!*

It was the year of the quota pictures in England, which means a prescribed number had to be done in a certain length of time, and Ida—it seems to her now, in retrospect—did them all. She played a hard-bitten gold digger in "Money For Speed"; she starred with Ivor Novello in "I Lived With You," an extremely naughty role indeed; and a lot of others, all of a type. Her hair was platinum now, and her violet eyes were heavily shaded under mascaraed lashes; her eyebrows were gone, with pencil lines in their places; her figure had filled out a little—you could see that, because of the gowns she wore. Sometimes, looking at her, Connie recognized in this production only a faint resemblance to her daughter Ida.

So that when Paramount offered to pay the child \$600 per week on a five-year contract, plus traveling expenses for both of them to Hollywood, Connie didn't protest very much. It seemed useless anyhow. Ida wanted to go. She wanted that more than anything in the world.

If Ida had known what Hollywood was going to hand her those first discouraging years, she might not have been so anxious to leave London. That surprising story will be told you in the concluding installment to appear in February Photoplay-Movie Mirror.

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Don't Hitch Your Wagon—

(Continued from page 37) ensigns on its hands. The upshot of all this big disarmament talk was that Brian Donlevy quit the Academy.

It was only natural that he should head for New York. All writers did, didn't they? But writing was risky, acting riskier. He had to eat, so (shades of John Paul Jones and David Glasgow Farragut!) he turned collar-ad model for two years.

Then one day he heard that a producer was looking for a former marine to play the part of a leatherneck. He made a beeline for the office, demanded an interview, swore he was an ex-marine and got the part. The play was called "What Price Glory." William Boyd, George Tobias and Louis Wolheim were also (and more prominently) in the cast.

The part was small, the play was great and the Donlevy doom inescapable. "After that I was sunk," is how he puts it. True, he tried to square accounts with his bright star by enrolling for a short story course at the Columbia School of Journalism. The professors ripped his things to pieces. He quit struggling with Fate after a month and gave in to the Theater.

There followed several seasons of successful Broadway plays, with certain notable interims of inactivity in between. Still, life was doing all right by Donlevy.

THE only trouble, he discovered, was that one by one his chums were quitting the legit and heading for Hollywood. First it was Jimmy Cagney. Not long afterward Pat O'Brien took off. Then Frank McHugh.

By the time he was doing his turns in "Life Begins At 8:40" he was getting a raft of mail from his pals on the Coast. They never failed to describe Hollywood as "a cinch" and invariably wound up with this admonition: "Don't come here until you're asked."

When "Life Begins" breathed its last in Detroit, Brian headed for New York with a modest little poke in his pocket and practically all his chums in Hollywood.

If you are guessing that Mr. D. is about to meet up with another of his accidents, you are definitely psychic. He is indeed.

Back in New York, he ran into a bunch of the local boys. One thing led to another, which in turn led to a celebration in honor of Donlevy's return.

The next thing our Brian knew was that when he looked out the window he saw stars. They seemed closer than ever before. To complicate matters further, he thought he detected a loud humming. All of a sudden it dawned on him: He was aboard a plane. You guessed it, reader, he was en route to Hollywood.

AT the first stop—and the next four consecutive stops—he wired his best friend, Hugh O'Connell, telling him he was coming and no more of Hughey's cracks about waiting until you're asked. He was asleep in O'Connell's bed when that honest gentleman checked in from work late that night.

"Hi, sucker!" is how his pal Hughey greeted him.

For four weeks Donlevy haunted Hollywood looking for work. But no takers. When he got down to \$160, he bought an airplane ticket for the trip back. O'Connell wouldn't hear of his leaving. He lent him \$100 and told him to stick it out. The money gone, Donlevy decided that Hollywood wanted no part of him. The one man who didn't agree with him was Hugh O'Connell.

"Isn't there someone here you know from New York—someone connected with handing out jobs, maybe?"

"I know Bob McIntyre. Seems to me he's in this racket."

"Bob McIntyre—why, he's casting for Goldwyn."

McIntyre was a soft touch. He gave Brian a job, sent him to wardrobe to get outfitted.

The fellow in wardrobe tossed a black shirt at him. The way Brian caught it, he couldn't help noticing the name on the back of the collar. The name was Clark Gable.

What he did next is a lesson in psychology.

Starting with that black shirt Gable had worn in "The Call Of The Wild," he requisitioned a complete black getup, black to the smallest detail. Even his derringer was black. His strategy was this: Due to his black costume, the audience's attention would naturally be focused on his face. And that face had to be remembered or Donlevy had to leave Hollywood.

The reaction to Brian Donlevy's debut as the black-shirted killer in "Barbary Coast" was terrific. One trade paper ironically compared him to Clark Gable! He was signed to a term contract by Fox. As Warners did to John Garfield, so did Fox to Donlevy—they made him a criminal. He stuck it out for three years and quit.

He went over to Paramount on downs and was promptly clapped into "Union Pacific," again as a heavy. They rewarded him for his fine performance by casting him as *Sergeant Markoff* in "Beau Geste." Once more a heavy. He parted with Paramount and went over to Universal by invitation. The Universal sachems put him in "Destry Rides Again," an opus in which he played a deep-dyed scoundrel.

Things began to look hopeless.

ON one of his off-days he dropped by the Paramount lot, strolled into the commissary for a cup of coffee and was hailed by a somewhat distinguished gentleman in an ascot.

It was Preston Sturges, another of Donlevy's pals who had drifted West, the same Sturges who had written a play called "Maid Of Manhattan," which hit Broadway with a thud despite Donlevy's fine performance.

Well, to get on, Sturges asked him how he was doing.

"Terrible. A case of 'heavy' indigestion."

"Interested in comedy?"

"Very much."

"You're in."

The comedy was called "The Great McGinty." The title ought to have been "The Great Donlevy." It showed Hollywood that he could do more than bully, torment, scourge and slay honest citizens only to receive his just doom in the final reel.

In close-up he is a mild-mannered somebody who talks as if he were thinking of something else. If he is, it is probably gold mines of which baubles he has quite a few—none of them producers as this goes to press. Mrs. Donlevy, "Marge" to you, is always shooing away gents whom Brian has invited to the house to talk business, meaning the purchase of a new mine.

He denies that clothes mean anything to him, yet he is his tailor's delight. The Donlevy suits run along the sharp side a trifle, but they are costlier getups than most of the top-drawer writers ever sport.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

One of the most popular men on his lot, he is everybody's pal. Even Charles Boyer stops to talk with him. Paulette Goddard is a one-woman fan club. The Paramount moppets, Susanna Foster and Betty Brewer, idolize him. On his side, Brian sticks pretty much to the old Broadway gang, McHugh, Tracy, Cagney and the rest.

Not to mention William Holden, with whom he became great pals during the filming of "I Wanted Wings," a fellowship which will be continued both on and off screen in "The Remarkable Andrew." So close did the friendship become that it was Brian and Marge who accompanied Bill and Brenda Marshall on their sunrise elopement to Las Vegas last July.

Robert Taylor is on the list, too, way up. It was Taylor, by the way, who made Brian see red one particular night. He had dropped by the Troc to line up a date for that evening with his wife-to-be only to discover that Taylor had beaten him to the punch and was taking her out himself.

Anent the wife-to-be business, Brian met her in the best Donlevy accidental fashion. He happened to drop by the old Hollywood Trocadero. Marjorie Lane was singing a blues number when he walked in. He never took his eyes off her that night.

It was a stormy courtship. From the beginning, almost, the Troc's sensational songbird was always explaining to Donlevy in no uncertain terms why they weren't meant for each other and Brian would explain why she was all wrong. In the end, after four or five months of debating, they were married on Christmas Eve in Tia Juana. Nine days later they were married again, in Los Angeles, this time.

For Brian it was a second marriage. When he and Yvonne Donlevy received their final decree in Reno earlier that

year, Brian was "through" with marriage. A fortnight later or so he met Marjorie Lane.

Villa Donlevy, out Brentwood way, is a charming manor house with a living room that is part modern, part Cape Cod, with burnished copper kettles, iron grill work and tooled leather on one side and on the other a huge bar, a replica of a New York speak. Here Brian presides, pouring out beer in mammoth steins or mixing weird concoctions from Irish whiskey.

He calls Marge "Squirt." She calls him a million names—anything but "Daddy." He makes the money. She does a good job of putting it away, as good as she can, considering the fact that he's eternally bringing home gifts for her, gifts which he has charged at the stores.

In a box of orchids she has found a card with a poem beginning:

"I'd write a lovely poem betimes
To Marjorie.
There's nothing (printable) that rhymes
With Marjorie.
If only you were called Louise,
My Marjorie,
Then, pressed for rhyme, I'd use by-
jeez,
See, Marjorie?"

And so on.

In a box containing a gold bracelet embossed with a heart fashioned out of rubies, Marjorie Donlevy has found a card with the written-for-the-occasion sentiment:

"This is no fancy poem.
Nor is it a toast.
But something to remind you
I love you the most."

Maybe he has salvaged something out of that wrecked writing career after all.
The End.

Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 13)

Old Cal Goes Back to the Indians: Ever wonder what transpires when a group of Hollywoodites is suddenly transplanted to some far-off spot for a location jaunt?

Wonder no more, my friends, for old Cal himself has just returned from a weekend with the "Valley Of The Sun" troupe up in Taos, New Mexico. After a night on the train we were whisked (a cowboy in a station wagon did the whisking) over the old Kit Carson trail to picturesque Santa Fe and then on ninety miles to Taos, a spot out of this world, known and loved by artists, writers, Indians and geniuses.

At the Sagebrush Inn we gathered up leading lady Lucille Ball and her husband Desi Arnaz and with Tom Tyler lunched at the picturesque La Fonda Hotel. Indians, swathed in blue cotton blankets from the local store, crowded the crooked streets, the white-booted squaws meekly trailing their husbands. These are the pure Taos Indians and they rivaled even Hollywood for color and glamour.

Out on the magnificent broad mesa, Director George Marshall was busy with his troupe. In a covered wagon were Dean Jagger and James Craig, while directly behind them stood, of all people, Billy Gilbert. Even more incongruous was the man who rode by their side, Sir Cedric Hardwicke of London, who plays an English remittance man.

As Director Marshall gave the word, the wagon drove off over the mesa while

suddenly from over the plains, coming straight at us, were several hundred real Indians in war paint, screeching like fury. What happened to Craig, Jagger, Billy Gilbert and Sir Cedric we haven't the slightest idea. Lucille Ball finally dragged us out from under a sagebrush, limp, but with our scalp still intact.

It wasn't until we visited the pueblo later to pay our respects to the Indian Governor that we learned most of these Indians are college graduates who speak at least three languages.

At the Sagebrush Inn that night, where the entire cast gathered, the Indians put on their native dances, their almost naked and painted bodies quivering to the strange rhythmic beat of the drums. Between dances Billy Gilbert calmly plied his needle back and forth, executing some of the finest needlepoint work we've ever seen. Mr. Gilbert, who sneezes for a living, is very serious over his work and brooks no kidding, remember that. Even the Indians were stopped dead in their tracks at the sight of Billy's sewing.

But the highlight of the evening arrived when Cuban Desi Arnaz formed a la Conga line of painted Indians, with Sir Cedric gracefully kicking from right to left in the rear.

Yes, from Hollywood to Indians may be a far cry, but we made it all in one glorious week end and wouldn't have missed it for worlds. At any rate, you have some idea of what goes on on a picture location and that was our main idea.



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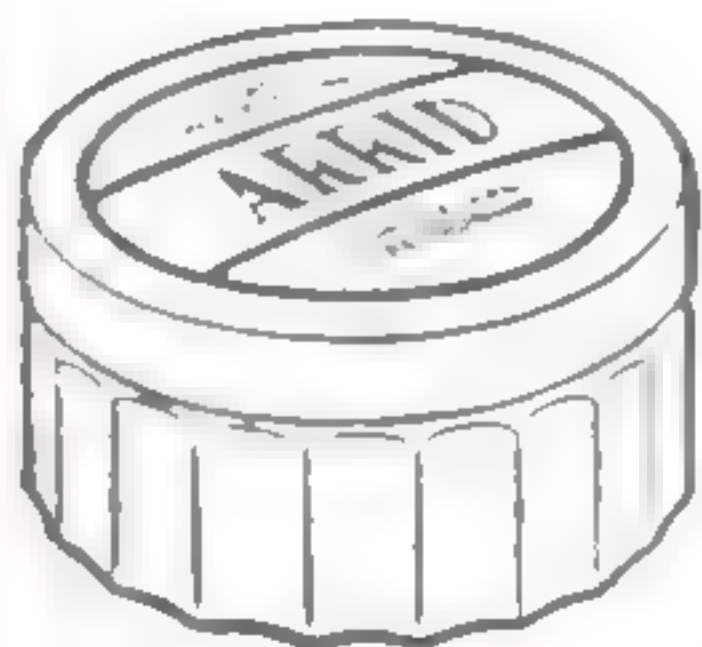
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"I Feel Like a Heel about Errol"

(Continued from page 26) him down. That afternoon he made his second appearance. Lunch wasn't mentioned. He wanted to know if she'd have dinner with him.

"I never go out to dinner with any young man who isn't a friend of the family. But come and have tea. I'd like my mother to meet you."

He quirked a brow, said oh, and didn't show up again. A couple of months later he was married to Damita. A couple of months after that he was being co-starred with Livvie in "Captain Blood."

She was thrilled when they told her. Errol's looks, Errol's dash, her own provocative encounter with him remained unforgotten. She thought it would be wonderful to work with him, and it was. Livvie had one modest success behind her. Errol was a blank newcomer, grateful for her friendliness.

He went through hell in "Captain Blood." Even a veteran would have found it a heavy load, but a veteran would have known how to protect himself. Everyone was on edge and Flynn bore the brunt of that nervous strain. To Olivia's earlier liking was added admiration for his grit. Never did he lose control of himself. But now and then she'd surprise a lost look in his eyes and her heart ached for him.

Next time she played with Errol, he was a star. Nothing lost about him now. Very sure of himself he was, and she didn't like him quite so well. She couldn't know that "Captain Blood" had marked him, that his mind had been working fast and grimly while he kept his mouth shut, that within a few weeks he'd learned a lesson many people never learn about the fiercely competitive movie game. This was the conclusion he reached: "When you're underdog, they kick you around. If I ever get to be topdog, I'll do my darnedest to keep out of a spot where they can ever kick me around again. I'll watch out for my own interests, I'll grab whatever's coming to me, I'll play the game their way."

OLIVIA was rehearsing a scene with him, which had been written as a fifty-fifty shot. "Isn't it funny," she thought, "I seem to be sitting down wrong. My face is always away from the camera."

Each time they rehearsed, she adjusted her chair a little, but to no purpose, till it finally entered her head that Errol was deliberately maneuvering things his way.

"But that's ridiculous. He's a star. He doesn't need to upstage me to make the picture his. Besides, he's not like that."

She kept edging up till there was no more chair to sit on. Then she got mad, decided she'd fix him and moved her chair. As the cameras started grinding, Errol walked in, kicked his own chair upstage, sat down and grinned. It was funny. It was also exasperating.

If she'd faced him with it then, she'd probably have been doing him a favor. The shell he'd grown against danger, real and fancied, might have cracked abruptly instead of little by little as it did later. But she was young and hurt and proud, and was asking no favors of Errol Flynn, who had once been a knight and knelt beside her chair. So a barrier rose between them.

They played in picture after picture together and with each their relationship grew more deadening. It was nothing so active as open hostility. If they'd raged at each other, at least some life would have fanned the air. This way it was stagnant.

The climax came with "Santa Fe Trail." They were doing night work on location

and at three in the morning had one more scene to shoot. The others wanted to go on and get it done with. Errol didn't. "Good night, boys," he said, "I'm going home."

Livvie stood there flabbergasted. Of all the unmannerly—! All right, he was the star and he'd worked the hardest. But she was his lead, it took her two hours to dress and make up. Not even to ask if they'd mind finishing another time. Just good night boys, I'm going—

She went after him. With elaborate courtesy, she asked: "Couldn't you possibly manage to finish this one setup, so we won't have to come out again tomorrow night?"

"Why must you approach me on a personal basis?" he inquired coldly.

Then she let go. "If you mean by personal, that this involves my comfort and convenience as well as that of a lot of other people, you're right. Otherwise, I don't know what you're talking about," and she turned on her heel.

He almost stopped her. What was eating him was the suspicion that she'd come, not on her own, but at the behest of the authorities who were using her to soften him up. Darn the authorities. He turned on his heel.

THEY had a day's stills to do together when the picture was finished. As they left the gallery, Livvie said without heat: "I'm bored to death with you, Errol, and I don't want to work with you again. Nothing personal, you understand"—she got that dig in neatly—"I'm sure you feel the same way about me. It's bad for us to work together. Sooner or later it's bound to show up on the screen. I'm going to talk to Hal Wallis about it. But you have more influence than I. Will you talk to Mr. Warner?"

"Glad to," he smiled. "And may I add that I agree with you?"

Livvie talked to Hal Wallis, Errol to Jack Warner, the difference being that Livvie talked for herself, Errol for Livvie. He didn't want any separation. But when a lady's bored, what can a gentleman say but good-by.

So it was arranged. Brenda Marshall teamed up with Flynn in "Footsteps In The Dark." But Livvie had to go with him and the company to Santa Fe for the premiere of "Santa Fe Trail." En route the train stopped at a little town. The star and his lead were asked to step out on the rear platform and talk to the townsfolk over a mike. Unprepared, they had to adlib it. Whether Livvie helped Flynn out or Flynn Livvie, she doesn't remember. But back in their seats, they looked at each other as if they were a couple of other fellows.

"Is this you?" Livvie demanded. "Or is the other one you?"

"Which other one?"

"The one you've been all these years. The guy who wouldn't finish the scene that night."

He was sorry, he'd misunderstood, he'd been a boor, would she please forgive him? The floodgates burst. He told her how the thing had started and become, without his realization, a kind of obsession. Remembering "Captain Blood," she could understand that. This business between them had been her fault too, she said—she'd been callow, intolerant, overquick to judge. So they left it at that and talked about everything under the sun, learning more of each other in an hour than they had in eight years. They were still talking when the dinner call came. Errol said he'd brush up and come back to take her to the diner.

Fifteen minutes later a forlorn voice answered his knock at the door. "You'll have to go to dinner without me, Errol. I don't feel very well."
"Oh, I'm sorry. Anything I can do?"
"No, it must be that terrible beef stew I had for lunch. Thanks just the same. I'll be all right in the morning."
Her temperature shot up to a hundred and two and the first-aid man had to sit with her all night. At the Santa Fe hospital, her beef stew was diagnosed as appendicitis. Errol called with Donald Crisp and a huge basket of flowers. At the dinner that evening he proposed a toast to her.

OPERATION and convalescence behind her, she returned to the studio. It struck her that she was being handled more tenderly than usual by the front office, consulted about details they'd never bothered to consult her about before. "Surely it's not just because I've been ill," she puzzled. "Maybe I'm making an impression on my home lot at last." Her best roles, be it remembered, have been on loanout—*Melanie* in "Gone With The Wind," the delicious *Emmy Brown* deliciously played in "Hold Back The Dawn."
Then she received the script of "They Died With Their Boots On." "I like it," she admitted. "But you know how Flynn and I feel about playing together."
"Maybe you feel that way, but Flynn doesn't."
"What do you mean, Flynn doesn't?"
"Well, if he does, he's got a funny way of showing it: He asked for you in this

picture." With that, the story came out. Not only had he asked for her. He'd pointed out that his fan mail clamored for her as his partner. He knew that his own box-office pull was greater when she played with him. If she didn't want to, he couldn't say that he blamed her. Not because of his attitude alone, but because the studio, he felt, had handled her indifferently.
Starry-eyed, she went in search of her champion. "So you double-crossed me, you so-and-so. Oh Errol, what a wonderful thing for you to have done. How can I ever thank you?"
"For what?"
"Saying those things about me."
"Oh, that. They were just facts. Are you going to do the part? I'm glad."
Which is where we came in. With Olivia wailing. "And I thought he was interested only in himself. Thought it and said it. Now he looks so different—as if you'd peeled off a whole layer of Errol and exposed something underneath you'd never suspected. Oh, it's not because he tossed some bouquets my way that I was so touched. But because of what he did for me with the front office and how he did it. Because he had the imagination to realize that was what I needed most and the really nice heart to go to bat for me. Me, the smug one, who'd never even bothered to try to look below the surface with him. Do you wonder I feel like a heel? Do you wonder I'm racking my head for some way to make up?"
This is to make up.
THE END

No Runaway Marriage for These Two!

(Continued from page 28) Eleven months later, she saw him again. This time it was at a "jam session" at his house, and two of his best friends, Buddy Pepper and Junior Coghlan, were her escorts. The evening was memorable to Bun for one reason: Since she had nothing in the musical line to contribute to the "jam session," Jackie ignored her completely in favor of his beloved drum!
The day before Christmas (almost a twelve-month lapse this time!) Jackie telephoned around seven-thirty in the evening and asked for a date that night. Bun began to demur in the expected feminine way; it was "awfully late" to be asking for a date.
"You're not doing anything, are you?" Jackie demanded point-blank.
"No," Bun admitted. "But—"
"Then let's go," he said. They went. Dancing at the Beverly-Wilshire to heavenly music and complete forgetfulness of anything like a clock. Bun got a scolding for being late but decided it was worth it.
Christmas day Jackie appeared in company with her other swains, Pepper and Coghlan, and gifted her with a charm bracelet made of flags of all the nations.
It was some time in March he again telephoned and asked if she would like to go with him while he made a layout of publicity pictures of bowling, swimming, ice skating and so on in the afternoon. Bun accepted and promptly amazed Jackie by honestly enjoying the various sports and proving herself remarkably proficient at them. Here, he decided, was something pretty swell in a girl.
"Do you have to go home now?" he asked. Bun said no.
"Then let's have dinner and go to the preview," he suggested.
After the preview he again asked if she had to go home. She said no.

"Then let's go to Ciro's for a while."
As he left her at her door, one thought was pounding in the back of young Mr. Cooper's head. He had been in Miss Granville's company for a solid twelve hours and darned if he wasn't wishing there were twice that time still to go.
THEY started dating once every two weeks. Then it was once a week. Then it was twice a week. By June of last year (1940) they had reached the daily-telephone-call stage and were "going steady." Since then neither has dated anyone else. Not that they ever had one of those "we will" or "we won't" agreements. Both believe such decisions label one as youthfully naïve. Rather, they just slid into a tacit understanding.
Daytime dates, when picture schedules will allow them, are given over to swimming, horseback riding and bowling. That's one reason they're both so excited about working together in "Syncopation" at RKO; each will have free time at the same time. It was tough going when Bun was making "H. M. Pulham, Esq." at Metro and Jackie was crosstown doing "Glamour Boy" for Paramount.
Evenings they have dinner and go to the movies (both are movie hounds) or stay home and play phonograph records. On Saturday nights, as a rule, Bun and Jackie step out in style. The best times, however, are those dates when they sit and daydream about former dates.
"Heaven help me if I get a July night mixed up with a September afternoon!" Jackie said. "Bun has a memory like an elephant. Doggone, if she can't remember everything I said six months ago and why I said it!"
"Heaven help me if I keep him waiting ten minutes for anything!" Bun laughed back. "Jackie is a positive maniac about being on time!"
They have made all sorts of interesting

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discoveries about each other since they have been sweethearts. While Jackie has rhythm in his blood, Bun has none at all, though she is a good ballroom dancer. She likes classical music for its mood or beauty, he for its instrumentation.

They disagree violently about money with Bun claiming Jackie is woefully extravagant and Jackie accusing Bun of pinching pennies at the wrong time. They argue over her trick diets (he is an anti-diet man as far as she is concerned), her refusal to state dining and dancing preferences and just plain arguments.

"Jackie gets off the track in arguments," Bun observed. "He winds up not knowing what we were arguing about in the first place."

"And Bun can't argue quietly and reasonably," Jackie countered, with a teasing grin. "She always winds up in a lather. But at least," he knocked on wood, "we've never got to the hang-up-the-telephone stage. Probably because neither of us would give in that far!"

They both dislike hypocrites, phonies and people who use them for personal gain. They both like sports, swing music, puns, spaghetti and tailored clothes. Both are nervous, tactless and unafraid to sound off. And both are romanticists to the tips of their toes.

"I suppose that's one reason why I am opposed to runaway marriage," Bun said. "I've had a mental picture of my wedding ever since I was a little girl and an elopement just won't fit that picture."

"I want a simple church wedding with only my family and closest friends there, people who really care about me. I definitely don't want a 'Hollywood production' with a lot of people gaping at what amounts to a free show. I want to wear an ivory satin gown with long sleeves, a train and a veil. I want to carry white orchids and have two or three of my best friends for bridesmaids. I want to have all the usual showers and parties before the wedding and I want to have a small reception afterwards with a wedding cake and a toast in champagne. I want to have a trousseau of lovely clothes and a real honeymoon. In other words, I want to be married like any girl in any small town, and nobody can talk me out of it!"

"ELOPEMENTS, I suppose, do have a certain excitement about them, but to me the marriage ceremony itself should be a sacred moment, not an exciting one. It should be a moment of such beauty that all your life the memory of it will bring tears to your eyes. At least, that's the way I want it to be for me and I know it can be."

"It is trite but still true that getting married is the most important step a girl takes in life, for it means she is beginning a new life, ordered by different standards and lived by different rules. Surely the realization of that importance will be greater for me and I will be more prepared to make the sacrifices and give the understanding it entails if I am married in front of God

in God's House."

The marriage ceremony is one of the most important moments in a man's life, too, Jackie said, for it means he not only is beginning a newly ordered existence but has assumed responsibility for another life. He admits he has very definite ideas for the occasion.

"I want a formal ceremony in church," Jackie said. "I want the memory of my bride walking up the aisle to meet me, the music of a great organ and the solemn words of the ceremony itself. I want my family and close friends there. I want a wedding breakfast for the wedding party after the ceremony and then a reception with champagne and a wedding cake with those little figures on top which you keep all your life. And I want a real honeymoon, a boat trip if possible."

Like Bun, Jackie is opposed to runaway marriage.

"Marriage is so doggoned important, I think it rates a lot of thought before you take the step," he said. "Nine times out of ten, people who elope do it on the spur of the moment. Often they haven't discussed marriage and what it means."

"Everything about an elopement is so sudden and the two people are torn away so quickly from their former lives they just don't have time to make the necessary adjustments. As a result, many marriages break up which otherwise might have had a good chance to succeed. Then, too, I think the ease with which a couple can dash off in the middle of the night and find themselves married after a quick word or two by an utter stranger can't help but bring the feeling that it would be just as easy—and just as unimportant—to get a divorce if the marriage didn't work out right away."

"On the other hand, if you stand up in church—or in a home, for that matter, if the same thought and planning has gone into the wedding—and make certain promises, you're doing it only after both of you have done plenty of thinking. You know what you are doing and why you are doing it. And that, above all, it's nothing you are going to kick around tomorrow or the day after. There is a dignity and a solid something about it which carries through, year after year. It's something to draw on when the going gets tough or makes it doubly swell if the sailing is smooth. Without that solid something, that sense of security and permanence, I think any marriage has two strikes on it. I intend my marriage to last—and I don't want that kind of odds."

Perhaps in the future, a few years from now, Bun and Jackie will share the ideal wedding they have in mind. Jackie says that is his idea if Bun still feels the same about him. The odds on both are pretty good.

"Providing she isn't late for her own wedding!" Jackie chuckled.

"And providing he has anything left for the ring!" Bun laughed back.

The End.

Will you ever be rich?

If you have ever asked yourself this question and wondered what the answer would be, see how twenty-three young people in Hollywood are working out security for their precarious futures

IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE

Love among the Reagans

(Continued from page 31) Between Jane and whom it may concern, he has. "Everybody likes him," says the candid Wyman. "Few people like me." He's equable, she's hot-tempered; he's instinctively friendly, she's had experiences which tend to make her mistrustful.

Their one serious difference arose over an attempt on Jane's part to influence him in the handling of his career. She'd been in the business longer, she wanted him to profit by her blunders. Ronnie indicated that he preferred to make his own. Jane recognized the impasse and has kept her hands off since. On the basis of his upward zoom from "Million Dollar Baby" through "International Squadron" to "Kings Row," she concludes that off was a good place to keep them.

Indeed, it's Jane, the stormy half of the pair, who's done most of the surface adjusting. "At no cost to myself, be it understood," she says. "I'm only a thousand times happier than I've ever been. I used to be the kind of person who sat around swank night clubs with a big fuzz on my head and a long cigarette holder sticking out of my face. Athletics held no charm for me. First I was too lazy, and then what for? Till along came Reagan and all I heard was football and track and swimming and golf. The only way I could get to see him was out on a golf course. So where do you think I went? Out on a golf course."

NOW they play together every Sunday, with Ronnie gloating over his wife's perfect swing. She started her swimming lessons on their honeymoon and he thinks they'll get round to horses next. He's broaching the idea subtly from the angle of how well she'd look in riding clothes.

Ronnie's notion of a good time is not going to night clubs. He never said to his bride, "Let's cut them out." They just oozed out, along with the fuzz on her head and the cigarette holder. Evenings are now given to movies, gin rummy and books. After knitting Ronnie all the socks he could wear, Jane suddenly discovered the existence of reading matter and devours it with the greed of one who's been unconsciously hungry all her life.

Before marriage, Jane's spending was governed more closely by her whims than her bank account. Ronnie, on the other hand, is a guy with a system, self-installed, since to him a business manager is a tacit admission that you're too dumb to save your own dough. The Reagan incomes are pooled. It's not his money or her money, but their money. At the end of the week, so much goes into the joint savings, so much into the joint checking account. A check is drawn to cover their spending money for the week.

If Jane makes a wistful crack about some divine fur coat she could get along beautifully without, Ronnie says okay, honey, and hauls out the bank books. It winds up with Mrs. Reagan's wanting to know what he's talking about, it's perfectly obvious they can't afford a fur coat, while the mister winks approvingly at himself.

THEY'RE planning their home on the same sensible structure of don't-bite-off-more-than-you-can-chew. The site is on a hill, commanding a view from City Hall to the sea, and, like any average couple, they're waiting for FHA to come through with a loan. Their ideas of what they want and don't want are well-defined. Not a mansion, predicated on

possible future earning power, but a seven-room house whose carrying charges they can afford now. A paneled living room to be lived in. A knotty pine kitchen with a huge oak table in the center, because everybody likes to hang around the kitchen, especially Jane.

To Jane the house, whose foundations are yet to be laid, is a vivid actuality. To Ronnie, it's a set of blueprints. Standing on the sagebrush-covered lot, Jane's eyes will focus on a given point. "What kind of drapes shall we have at those windows?"

"What windows?"

"Over there. The living-room windows—"

"Are you feeling all right?"

"Oh Ronnie, that's where the living-room windows'll be!"

"Look, honey, would you mind letting me see the windows once before we start covering 'em?"

This story revives in Jane the memory of old wounds. "I can understand his not being interested in drapes. Anyway, at this point. What I can't swallow is his attitude toward my clothes. On our honeymoon I said, 'We've been married two days and I'd kind of like to know what you like and what you don't. Will you come with me to pick out a swim suit?' He said, 'I'm busy, I have to play golf.'"

"Once in a while I'd drag him into a hat shop—why, I don't know. He'd sit behind a newspaper and say mm. If I bought the hat myself and tried to get a reaction, he'd go whew! He seems to think it's a man's privilege to go whew! and that a woman's supposed to know she looks all right. I broke him of that, though. Now he says, 'My, it's pretty.'"

"A woman," said Ronnie, "should be satisfied with the gleam in a man's eye. The gleam in a man's eye should be more flattering than a lot of meaningless language. While we're on the subject of shopping, let me put in my oar. When I want to buy a pair of shoes nowadays, I have to fold my tents like the Arabs and silently sneak away."

"That's not so!"

"My turn, Mrs. Reagan. It used to be that I wanted a pair of brown shoes. I went out and bought a pair of brown shoes and that was that. But my wife believes in shopping. The only thing she likes better than a women's clothing store is a men's clothing store. So she goes along. I try on not one but thirty pair of brown shoes. By the time I get through trying on brown shoes, my socks are worn out. Then she sees a robe, then she sees a sweater, then she sees socks and ties and dungarees. I've got a robe and a sweater and ties and socks and dungarees.

"Sometimes I think I'm getting away with murder. When it comes to fundamentals like suits and babies, I find out who's boss. I think Jane started talking about a baby a day after we were married. I wanted one, too, but I used all my male logic to persuade her that every young couple ought to wait a year. She agreed I was right as usual and she was wrong. So we had a baby."

THIS event provided Ronnie with some of his choicest glimpses into the mysteries of feminine psychology. They were driving downtown one day before Maureen Elizabeth's arrival, talking of nothing in particular, when the peace was shattered by a wild sob from Jane.

"Good lord, honey, what's wrong? What did I say—?"

"No-nothing—"



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delightful, the color beautiful. Brian Aherne is lost in a character unsuited to his fine talents. The performance of Raymond carries more sincerity than any of the others.

Your Reviewer Says: For MacDonald fans.

✓✓ Dumbo (Walt Disney-RKO)

It's About: A little elephant that discovered he could fly.

ALL the whimsical charm that Walt Disney has showered on his past fantasies is embodied in this heart-touching story of "Dumbo," the baby elephant who was spurned and despised because of his enormous ears.

Then, one day, "Dumbo" and Timothy Q. Mouse, a rodent friend, accidentally drank some giggle water and after a night of pink elephants found themselves up in a tree. To their astonishment, they learned "Dumbo" had flown there and the following night when the ringmaster prepared to make a monkey of poor "Dumbo," he threw everyone into a panic by taking off and flying himself into stardom.

Cliff Edwards is the voice of Jim Crow, the gay old bird, and Sterling Holloway is the Stork.

It's appealing, funny and tragic in turn and drawn to beautiful perfection.

Your Reviewer Says: A novelty of great charm.

✓✓ Target For Tonight (Warners' release of a British Government film)

It's About: The Royal Air Force in action.

IT is the tremendous simplicity, straightforward honesty in telling that makes this story of the R.A.F. one of the strongest war documents ever filmed.

The story tells of a raid on Nazi oil tanks from the time air photographers have spotted the target to the moment the boys hover over the spot in their huge death-dealing bombers. Boys of the R.A.F. and officers of the station are the only actors, going through their routine actions calmly, coolly, matter-of-factly. A certain Scotch lad, with his cool nerve and quaint brogue, caught the eye of the Hollywood preview audience.

The actual bombing crew are all members of the "F for Freddie" six, who have already made more than 200 flights over Germany and are known throughout England for their quiet courage.

We consider this hour-long picture one of the greatest of its kind and urge everyone to see it.

Your Reviewer Says: Tremendous.

Honky Tonk (M-G-M)

It's About: An unscrupulous he-man of the old West.

"HONKY TONK" rambles and it rambles, and it gets nowhere, but in its circling it does manage to gather up Lana Turner and Clark Gable and give them a twirl on the usual sexy old merry-go-round.

Gable is a Western con man who makes his living off "suckers." He and his pal Chill Wills get elected the big bosses of a Western town, tax the people into rebellion and escape with their hides, their unreformed minds and little else; except, of course, Lana, daughter of Frank Morgan.

But the customers will get their money's worth out of one embrace after

another between Clark and Lana—that is, if that's what they paid their money for.

Your Reviewer Says: Hot stuff.

Sailors On Leave (Republic)

It's About: Sailors who try to promote the marriage of a pal for financial reasons.

BILL LUNDIGAN has spun a fanciful yarn of an inheritance due him on a certain date and his pals, who have loaned him money on the strength of it, want him to marry before the deadline.

They decide night-club singer Shirley Ross is to be the girl. After many comical interludes, supplied by Chick Chandler and Cliff Nazarro, and after many trials and man-sized tribulations, Bill and Shirley—well, anyway, it's a cute movie.

Your Reviewer Says: Sailor—beware.

Never Give A Sucker An Even Break (Universal)

It's About: A writer's attempts to sell a screen story.

IN this picture Bill Fields attempts to sell a screen story he has written to a producer. In real life he did; he sold this one to Universal, but it isn't funny to anyone but Fields fans.

It seems to this reviewer, if Mr. Fields would kindly forget his yen for authorship and get back to his Mr. Micawbers this would be a happier world.

Little Gloria Jean is a bright spot in the goings-on and Franklyn Pangborn swipes a few scenes here and there.

Your Reviewer Says: Strictly a Fields day.

Mercy Island (Republic)

It's About: A successful attorney who becomes obsessed with a desire to condemn a fugitive.

HERE is one of those psychological tales of a man who lets himself become eaten with one desire—to return to justice Otto Kruger, a surgeon who has been hiding in the Florida Keys.

Anyway, Ray Middleton, a successful attorney, his wife Gloria Dickson and others are swept ashore in the Keys and from the minute Middleton discovers Kruger, a surgeon who gave a merciful drug to a condemned convict, he goes mad with the desire to turn in Kruger.

Middleton is pretty good, too, and the climax of the story well worked out.

Your Reviewer Says: Not bad.

Down Mexico Way (Republic)

It's About: Bad men who get caught by good men.

GENE AUTRY fans step forward! All others may leave the room if they so desire, because this movie is of Autry, for Autry, by Autry, a brave and fearless lad who, when he discovers his townsfolk have been gypped by a band of crooked movie promoters, rides right over into Mexico to round them up.

There he finds them at the same old racket and with the police on motorcycles and Gene on his horse he snags them, but good.

Fay McKenzie is pretty and talented as Autry's new leading lady.

Autry fans will be thrilled to the marrow of their bones. They should be.

Your Reviewer Says: Look at that guy ride.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 6) the sofa wakes up and accompanies her perfectly and all the people around know all the words and join in, even though Nelson Eddy has just finished composing the song for her.

If I try to brighten my dishwashing by bursting into song, someone in the next room says, "There's such an awful draught I think I'll close the door," or "Let's turn on the radio, there must be something bet—I mean good on."

When Don Ameche comes home after a hard day of inventing things, he kisses Loretta Young tenderly and murmurs, "Mmm! Dearest, the thought of you here waiting patiently makes all the struggles and disappointments of the days seem unimportant; you make it all so worth while!"

When Bill comes home at six he gives me a quick kiss and says, "Mmm! You've been eating onions. How soon will dinner be ready?"

When Charles Boyer discovers how unjustly he has accused the light of his life, he murmurs pleadingly, "Darling, I've been a blind, stupid fool! Can you ever forgive me?" and then he kisses her until the Hays Office and I both swoon—but for different reasons.

When Bill finds out that I didn't do something he said I did, he barks, "All right, all right, so I was wrong! Can't we talk about anything else?"

I like the movies.

E. H. CHURCH,
Woburn, Mass.

\$1.00 PRIZE It's Happened!

CCHEERS for Miss Bishop! Cheers and more cheers! After long waiting and hoping, it's a grand and glorious feeling to meet in the movies a school-teacher of the female species who is human. From the pedantic, absent-minded school mistress with shell-rimmed glasses, a sort of feminine *Ichabod Crane*, who appears in features, to the dreadful creature of the comics, flourishing a ruler in one hand and a dunce cap in the other, we've been grossly misrepresented.

I was almost ready to suggest the role of a deep-dyed villain for one of us—a good villain is preferable to a bad caricature any day! Then along came *Mr. Chips*, and we took hope. And now—it's happened! *Miss Bishop* is human and attractive. We are deeply grateful, for, after all, we're just folks, who sometimes have cars and fur coats and sometimes a mother or an aunt to support; who dance on Saturday nights and attend church on Sundays; who like laughter, but are not unacquainted with tears.

ANNIE LAURIE VON TUNGELN,
Tulsa, Okla.

\$1.00 PRIZE Family Revolution

MY husband's being away on defense work makes time drag for me, living with the family. So the other night I said, "Folks, let's go and see 'Hold Back The Dawn.'"

"Isn't that Charles Boyer?" said my young brother.

"It is," I answered.

"Gimme Spencer Tracy," he said.

"And give me Robert Taylor," said my sister.

Mother pondered. "There was something about James Stewart—" she began, but Dad cut in.

"James Cagney should be seen more often upon the screen," said he judicially.

"But I'm bored," I wailed.

"Oh, very well," said the family.

Hours later we returned and sat quietly in the living room.

"Spencer Tracy used to be my favorite actor," said little brother thoughtfully.

"There is something about Charles Boyer—" began Mother, but my sister, rousing from a dream, said, "I wonder what he'll play in next?"

"Who?" I asked.

"Why, Charles Boyer," chorused the family.

And Dad, rising and glancing at the clock, said, "Charles Boyer should be seen more often upon the screen."

And so to bed.

ELLEN M. JAEGER,
El Paso, Tex.

\$1.00 PRIZE Well, Why Go On?

WE are, quite wisely, making every effort to win the good will and approval of the South American countries. How do the inhabitants of these countries get their impressions of us? Largely through the movies.

And what impressions they must get! The general idea of such popular pictures as "Meet John Doe," "Grapes Of Wrath," etc., is that anyone with more than a dime in his pants' pocket is a cruel, scheming scoundrel.

Other impressions—our aviators are chiefly concerned with women, flying being only secondary. The life of our soldiers and sailors is largely custard-pie comedy. Our women are beautiful but of dubious virtue. We spend most of our time dancing and singing. Our factories are full of spies. In sections where cowboys aren't shooting each other up, crooks are.

But why go on? Is it any wonder that South America hesitates to accept us as the shining knights of the North? I say, why not have some movies that show us as we really are? I think we're really quite nice people.

MARION GOODWIN,
Andover, N. Y.

HONORABLE MENTION

JUST recently in a daily movie column published in our newspaper I read that the publicity men of the movies were trying to "blitzkrieg" the interesting articles in your much-read magazine that are so forcefully written by your contributor "Fearless."

"Fearless" is giving readers the truth. I look for it immediately when I read your fine magazine. I'm sure others look for the monthly article, too. Certainly truth is more interesting and more glamorous—truly it is "stranger than fiction."

So keep on publishing those articles. Don't let them make you afraid, "Fearless!"

MRS. B. HOFFMANN,
Wichita, Kan.

NOT long ago I saw the movie "Blood And Sand," in which Rita Hayworth was one of the stars. I thought she was splendid in the whole show except for one thing: her singing. It's terrible and if she always sings like that, please tell her for me to stick to dancing. There she was, looking so beautiful and swaying so alluringly, that naturally you expected a lovely husky voice to do the vocal, but horror of horrors, there emerged a shrill pip squeak.

MRS. W. W. JACKSON,
Shreveport, La.



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THE WORLD LOVES A LOVER—BUT NOT AN EX-LOVER. "This business about gay divorcees is purely the bunk!" Farnsworth Crowder boldly admits this observation after examining hundreds of cases and talking to dozens of re-born bachelors and ex-wives. The results of his survey—proof of how tragic divorce can be—is completely revealed in this magazine of *Beauty and Health*. If you are "on the brink," or are tempted by too many fiction stories, be sure to read "No Gay Divorcees" *before you act!*

JANUARY ALSO OFFERS TWO LIFETIMES IN ONE—Condensed version presenting the essence of Marie Benyon Ray's great book.

How to Choose Your Lipstick—This Was Happiness—Stop Worrying About Pneumonia—That Cancer Dread—School for Mothers—and a dozen other delightful, serviceable feature articles for your own pleasure.



JANUARY—ON SALE NOW

The Truth about Stars' Salaries

(Continued from page 57) isn't a natural fighter and he finally got raised to a decent salary only after he had threatened to quit and because he had become so valuable Paramount could no longer ignore his entirely just demands.

Bill Holden started for an even lower wage than Fred, supposedly for a mere \$50, was allowed to be discovered for "Golden Boy" (actually he was loaned out to Columbia by Paramount for plenty of hay), give a fine performance and garnered plenty of publicity, thereby increasing his potential value, and yet had to fight violently and verbally to get his contract increased.

Right there is where the bonus dicker usually comes in. When a star has obviously clicked as Bill did in "Golden Boy" he gets, if he is restive and noisy enough about it, a "bonus." This is real and not stage money and may run anywhere from \$10,000 to \$50,000 extra.

It sounds good and it looks good and most young players fall for it, not stopping to realize—as the shrewd producer did all the time—that this bonus does not increase the salary on the books; that it is a favor that can be given at any time—or just as well withheld—and that the salary can stay at the same level for whatever period is stated in the contract, no matter how terrific the star may become through his own ability.

As, for instance, consider the cases of Robert Taylor vs. Buddy Rogers. Both began as glamour boys at low salaries. The initial appeal of both of them was to the ladies. Bob Taylor began at \$35 a week, Buddy at \$75. The difference in the two careers came in the fact that Bob, through shrewder management and through a studio that more quickly rewards its young players, got almost immediately into real dough (through his original contract's having been scrapped), while Buddy Rogers was carted around this country, displayed to the girls, made "America's Boy Friend" but never once given a worthy contract or put into a strong picture to follow his initial break in "Hell's Angels." His vogue died before he could cash in on it.

This would seem to indicate that it is smartest to make a good fat contract at the start, but this can work both ways. Nancy Kelly, a great hit on the Broadway stage, was brought to Twentieth Century-Fox at \$900 a week at the same time that Linda Darnell was brought at \$75 (the usual starting salary, incidentally). Nancy got all the initial publicity, all the big roles, but she didn't click as expected and thus, in a few months, she began to get "between pictures." Linda looked so beautiful on screen that her loveliness was all that was necessary, while she was getting time, off screen, to learn acting and to grow up. Meanwhile, for every week Nancy wasn't before the cameras, those \$900 were piling up. A producer who might want her would look at the books, see that to have her in his cast would mean he had to start with some \$10,000 to \$15,000 of Nancy's back salary charged against his budget. Therefore, he would turn to the equally young, very lovely and delightfully inexpensive Linda or to Brenda Joyce, who also fitted all those adjectives. Brenda Joyce got her chance in "The Rains Came" not half so much because she is a delightful girl and the studio wanted to see if she could be put across, as it wanted to do something about a pay roll already top-heavy with the salaries of Tyrone Power and two "borrowed" players, Myrna Loy and George Brent. Supposedly Warners got \$150,000 for Brent in that one, though

Brent continued to get merely his \$2,000 a week Warner salary.

Because Joyce and Darnell were so inexpensive to cast they worked constantly. Therefore, not a nickel of back salary accumulated against them, while Nancy Kelly began to get strangled by her own good contract.

Exactly this happened with Patricia Morison, also from the New York stage, also brought out for about \$1000 weekly. Pat got the casting and the publicity—at first. Then she got stymied and now she is slowly climbing back. As she is really a very good actress, she will undoubtedly click this time.

But Veronica Lake! Well, there you have it. The Lake came in for nickels and dimes and has done everything wrong ever since, given the wrong interviews, sassed producers, stopped for marriage and to have a baby. Yet none of it can hamper her for that simple, mysterious reason that she has what it takes. Her chance in "I Wanted Wings" was as nothing against Brenda Joyce's chance in "The Rains Came." The differential was that there is a compelling something in Miss Lake that is not in Miss Joyce. The one girl has showmanship and the other hasn't, and so the Lake contract has been torn up and a new one substituted, while Brenda Joyce, a charming, co-operative, delightful but not too compelling girl, works less and less regularly.

For the truth about Hollywood salaries is that a producer, like any other merchant, will pay what he has to and not one cent more. A dozen factors can come in to affect salaries either up or down. Ronnie Colman, when he made "Under Two Flags," got \$100,000 and insisted upon top billing, even though his co-star, Claudette Colbert, getting \$150,000, was accustomed, because of her sex, to the usual movie courtesy of top billing over any man star. Yet last spring, because of an existing contract with William Hawks, Ronnie made "My Life With Caroline" for \$50,000 and that turned out so badly that it will undoubtedly depress his salary on his next picture.

Reversely, a Vic Mature can go to New York and hit in a Gertrude Lawrence play and come back worth his weight (a lot of weight that is!) in gold.

Given breaks like that all the actor has to do is to be a riot. Because Hollywood is just like Jones Corners in this respect. Actors moan about "not getting my chance" but they actually do get it constantly. John Hubbard started out with Vic Mature at Roach's and at a much better salary and in much better roles. But two studios are not battling over John's contract, with one paying off the other to the tune of \$80,000 as Twentieth Century-Fox has just done to secure Vic's exclusive services. And Clark Gable played extra in "The Painted Desert" of which William Boyd was the star. Yet not so long ago there was the classic instance of Mr. Gable's refusing to be loaned to Selznick for "Gone With The Wind" unless he could loan himself. No "deal," no "bonus" for Mr. Sex Appeal. He dictated his own terms: \$7,500 a week for a flat six months, over and above his regular M-G-M salary. He got it, and then worked twenty-nine days!

And that, dear kiddies, is why Vivien Leigh got discovered—because Selznick had to have a low salary somewhere around the cast. But Miss Leigh was very very good, and Gable was very good also and as for the picture, it was terrific and everybody connected with that one, including the bookkeepers, has lived happily ever after.

THE END

Resolutions the Stars Should Make

(Continued from page 21) give him remakes like that outmoded story? Why, Spence cut his eyeteeth on things like that in his old stock days. And for heaven's sake, keep on rolling in the neurotics for Bette Davis—and don't waste her on any more cactus bushes.

Jean Arthur should set her heart on doing another picture with Frank Capra like "You Can't Take It With You." And let's insist that Capra make three pictures a year always.

Joan Crawford should resolve to get another picture like "A Woman's Face" and she'll stay right up there on top and keep on adopting children.

Let's bring Stirling Hayden back to the screen and send Madeleine Carroll back to England to star in a picture for the British War Relief.

Let's resolve, if more goodwill is needed in South America, that men like Buddy De Sylva put on a musical show down there with Mickey Rooney and Bob Hope acting in it and Jeanette MacDonald and Irene Dunne doing the singing. And in return for Carmen Miranda, let's give them one picture starring Fred Astaire.

JOAN FONTAINE should stop putting on the gloves with her producer, David Selznick, and take his advice. But for him, she might still be known as Olivia de Havilland's baby sister, instead of Joan Fontaine, star of "Rebecca" and "Suspicion."

Resolved that the producers keep on giving Roz Russell good parts this year, just as they did last, even though she's no longer under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Hedy Lamarr should resolve to keep away from those law suits. Nothing bores the public so quickly, except perhaps too many divorces.

Here's hoping that Charles Boyer will stay as sweet as he is. But he'll never make the money for producers that he should so long as his female fans insist upon taking their lunch and dinner to the theater and sitting through a whole day of Boyer—then go home raving, which makes their husbands so mad that they won't go to see a picture for a month.

Resolved to give Louis B. Mayer a pat on the back for knowing how to develop young stars, especially the children, and for not holding back talent or salary for Virginia Weidler and little Jackie Horner.

And, oh Lord, keep that raging, fighting Irish spirit in Jimmy Cagney. And if Ann Sheridan is possessed to have George Brent, for heaven's sake, give him to her.

Resolved that in this year of grace 1942 Eddie Albert devote all his time to his art, instead of giving it away and being thrown to the lions.

My last year's resolution still goes for Paulette Goddard. Having filled her jewel case with diamond bracelets and knickknacks, and her home with paintings, she can still take care of herself.

GRANT us, oh Lord, that Cary Grant stands firm and remains a bachelor. After all, we must have one star who makes our hearts go pit-a-pat and keeps our arteries from hardening. I could do the same flutter over Gary Cooper, but he's been an old married man lo these many years. Don't think we need resolutions for Gary, 'cause he's like Old Man River—just keeps rollin' along.

Because our Negro pictures weren't successful in the past, let's not be afraid to try again. I'd like to see Paul Robe-

son, Marian Anderson, Dorothy Maynard, Rochester, Wonderful Smith, Hattie McDaniel, the Hall Johnson Choir, Ethel Waters, Todd Duncan, Duke Ellington and all the rest of them go to town in a picture written and produced by Buddy De Sylva, with music by Jerome Kern.

Let's give Marlene Dietrich another with Director Mitch Leisen, which will co-star Jean Gabin, with story written by Erich Remarque.

And a cheer to the youngsters like Deanna Durbin, Judy Garland, Kathryn Grayson and Gene Tierney for giving their marriages the dignity which goes with that solemn occasion.

Ann Sothorn made 1941 very exciting and I predict before 1942 is finished she'll resolve herself right into position as top star on the Metro lot—and she deserves the place.

Now that John Carroll has taken off his mental diapers and put his mentality into long trousers, he's going places. And if someone could persuade Victor Mature to forget that he was ever called "a beautiful hunk of man," maybe he could learn to live up to the title of actor and earn the salary he's getting. Remember Edwin Booth made acting a dignified and honorable profession.

Gene Tierney should insist on two weeks' vacation between pictures. She's going too fast for her age and constitution.

RESOLVED that Linda Darnell mix a little fun and romance into her very busy schedule. All work and no play keeps her acting routine instead of sparkling.

Resolved that Darryl Zanuck take Tyrone Power out of the American heel class and just once in a while let us see the boyish quality he was born with and still retains. Also, that Cesar Romero get better parts.

Resolved that when Bob Montgomery returns from London the industry should give him a little credit, instead of waiting for the public's cue.

Resolved to find another part for Margaret Sullavan as good as "The Shop Around The Corner." If given parts worthy of her, she could be a truly great star.

Resolved that a portion of our next lend-lease bill will be fifty percent of the Hollywood earnings of our English colony—except for Cary Grant and a few more who have already donated more than half.

Now that Betty Field has shown her versatility by playing a gangster's moll in "Blues In The Night" and Cassie in "Kings Row," let's give her a place in Hollywood comparable to that of Ida Lupino and Bette Davis.

Martha Scott, just after she had got her foot in "Heaven," heard the flapping of wings. No, not angels—the stork's. But don't let that happen too often, Martha.

Resolved that in 1942 Orson Welles should save his money, because luck like his can't last forever.

Resolved that Mary Pickford in this year should start an unknown up the ladder of fame and teach her all the things that made Mary America's Sweetheart. In that way she'll find happiness and be an inspiration for the millions who still call her Sweetheart.

And resolved that Will Hays should give back the sweaters to the poor shivering girls who can wear 'em and return the fire hydrants to the dogs in movies.

And to all of you a happy New Year.
The End.

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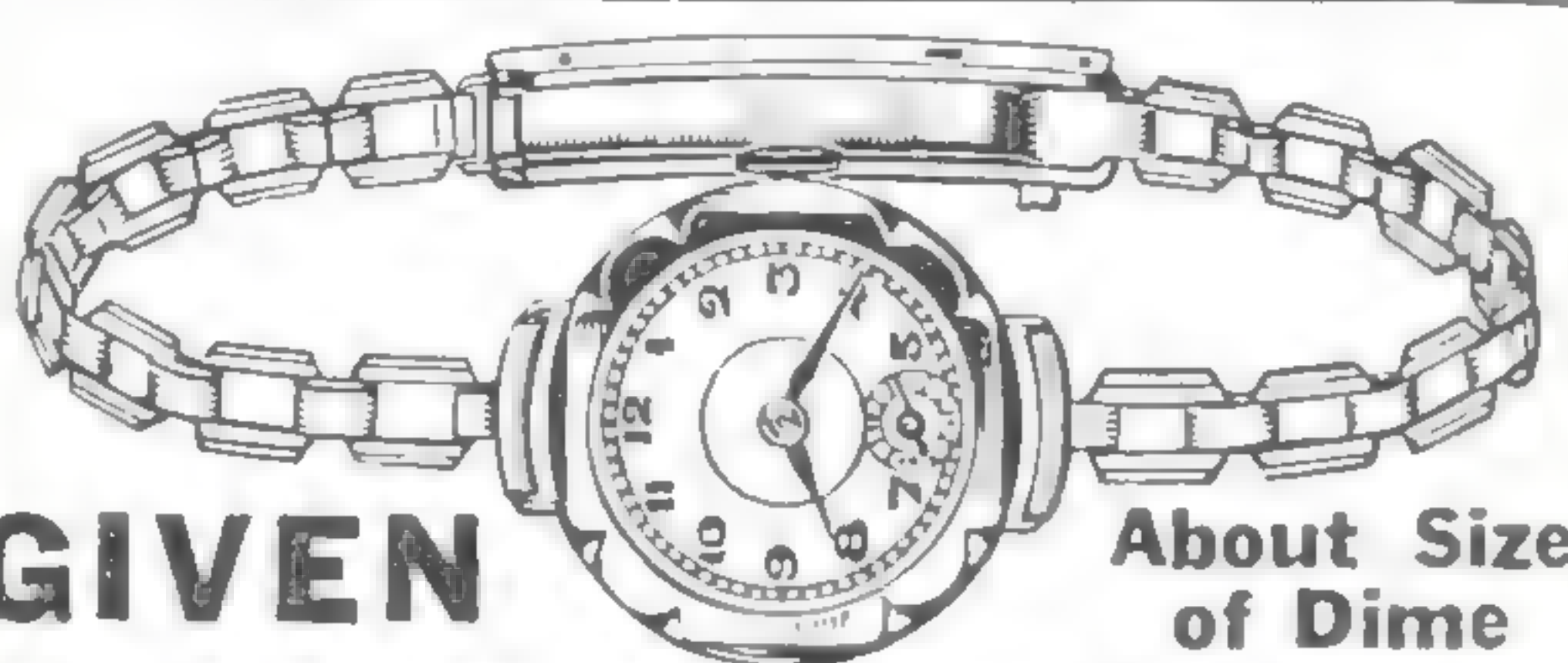
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"See" Carmen Miranda sing. "My singing is as much with my hands as my voice," she says

To take advantage of some free hand-outs reserved for them and them alone

Miranda makes her hands work for her just as expressively off screen as on



"If something is important to you, you take care of it, so I take care of my hands." Fast handwork comes to light in "Week End In Havana"



A BONUS AT THE MOVIES

If you want a nice handout for free, go watch Carmen Miranda, Brazilian bombshell. You'll get a few tips on how a lady can make her hands say things she wouldn't be caught whispering. Incidentally, if you get your ticket bought for you, you'll probably get another kind of handout, too, if your ticket-buyer's the type who goes for holding hands while he watches Miranda in "Week End In Havana."

Nice work if you can get it; one way to get it is to keep your hands soft, which is just a matter of creaming, creaming and creaming again. Go to bed at night with your little digits well covered with hand cream and a pair of cotton gloves . . . take a tip from your doctor and push your cuticle back with the towel when you wash your hands . . . and keep the cuticle smooth by daily chores with cuticle remover and soft brush . . . use hand lotion every time you put your hands in water and as many other times as you think of it.

A SALUTE FROM THE ARMY

. . . as a snappy handout in return for the sweaters, or socks, or scarfs you'll earnestly knit them this winter. American hands are busy now, flashing over khaki wool, and when that private, or sergeant, or top sergeant (if you're lucky!) wears the sweater, he thinks sweet thoughts of how

pretty you look knitting.

Well, do you? Red hands don't belong in the knitting brigade. Since your hands are in the spotlight, keep them white with hand cream or lotion . . . if they're in need of long hard work before they're presentable, make them up for the time being as you would your face, with a foundation cream and a light dusting of talcum . . . and if your mittens aren't warm enough and you find yourself in the red so far as hands go, just hold your hands up over your head when you take your gloves off. That way, the blood is taken from them and they'll turn lily-white in a couple of seconds.

A BOW FROM THE RED CROSS

. . . for all the bandages you'll roll for them in your spare hours. Now you may be able to roll more bandages per minute than your sister workers but that won't mean a thing if your hands are rough. Rough edges on nail or cuticle still slow you down . . . so keep your nails pliable by soaking them in nail oil often (Miranda swears by this procedure) . . . smoothing them (not daily filing—it wears them down) with an emery board . . . digging your hands in a cake of soap before starting any heavy work to keep your nails from chip-

ping. Put on two coats of nail polish, natural shade underneath if you prefer, and watch your manicure last.

A GRAND-SLAM BRIDGE HAND FROM YOUR PARTY HOSTESS

It happens once in a lifetime; now that you have it what are you going to do with it? Well, for one thing, you're going to be able to concentrate on it because you're not going to be bothered with how your hands look . . . that is, you're not, if you've been sure to use nail white constantly under your nails . . . that way you can clean them easily because the grit clings to the cream, is taken out readily, doesn't get into the surface of the nails themselves.

AN ENGAGEMENT RING FROM YOU-KNOW-WHO

Sometimes a handout like this sneaks up on you, so be prepared and when you hold out that third finger, left hand, be sure it's going to do justice to what's going on it. Which means you do everything you've just read, that you remember, too, to keep your hands supple and graceful by exercising them. There's an easy answer to the exercise problem . . . when you have a minute alone just relax your hands and shake them loosely as hard as you can.

Better watch out or before you know it you'll be just like Miranda!

BY GLORIA MACK

Casts of Current Pictures

"ALL-AMERICAN CO-ED"—Hal Roach-U. A. Story by Cortland Fitzsimmons and Kenneth Higgins. Directed by LeRoy Prinz. Cast: *Virginia*, Frances Langford; *Bob Sheppard*, Johnny Downs; *Bunny*, Marjorie Woodworth; *Slinky*, Noah Beery, Jr.; *Matilda*, Esther Dale; *Hap Holden*, Harry Langdon; *Tiny*, Alan Hale, Jr.; *Henry*, Kent Rogers; *2nd Senior*, Allan Lane; *3rd Senior*, Joe Brown, Jr.; *Doctor*, Irving Mitchell; *Washwoman* (*Deborah*), Lillian Randolph; *4th Senior*, Carlyle Blackwell, Jr.

"APPOINTMENT FOR LOVE"—Universal. Screen play by Bruce Manning and Felix Jackson. Based on the story by Ladislaus Bus-Fekete. Directed by William A. Seiter. Cast: *Andre Cassil*, Charles Boyer; *Jane Alexander*, Margaret Sullivan; *Nancy Benson*, Rita Johnson; *George Hastings*, Eugene Pallette; *Edith Meredith*, Ruth Terry; *Michael Dailey*, Reginald Denny; *O'Leary*, Cecil Kellaway; *Timothy*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Dr. Gunther*, Roman Bohn; *Gus*, Gus Schilling; *Nora*, Virginia Brissac; *Martha*, Mary Gordon.

"DOWN MEXICO WAY"—Republic. Screen play by Olive Cooper and Albert Duffy. Based on a story by Derrell and Stuart McGowan. Directed by Joseph Santley. Cast: *Gene*, Gene Autry; *Frog*, Smiley Burnette; *Maria Elena*, Fay McKenzie; *Pancho Grande*, Harold Huber; *Gibson*, Sidney Blackmer; *Allen*, Joe Sawyer; *Mayor Tubbs*, Andrew Tombes; *Flood*, Murray Alper; *Gerard*, Arthur Loft; *Juan*, Duncan Renaldo; *Davis*, Paul Fix; *Don Alvarado*, Julian Rivero; *Mercedes*, Ruth Robinson; *Capt. Rodriguez*, Thornton Edwards; and The Herrera Sisters.

"HONKY TONK"—M-G-M. Screen play by Marguerite Roberts and John Sanford. Directed by Jack Conway. Cast: *"Candy" Johnson*, Clark Gable; *Elizabeth Cotton*, Lana Turner; *Judge Cotton*, Frank Morgan; *"Gold Dust" Nelson*, Claire Trevor; *Mrs. Varner*, Marjorie Main; *Brazos Hearn*, Albert Dekker; *Daniel Wells*, Henry O'Neill; *The Sniper*, Chill Wills; *Pearl*, Veda Ann Borg; *Governor Wilson*, Douglas Wood; *Mrs. Wilson*, Betty Blythe; *Harry Gates*, Harry Worth; *Blackie*, Lew Harvey.

"HOT SPOT"—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by Dwight Taylor. From the novel by Steve Fisher. Directed by Bruce Humberstone. Cast: *Jill Lynn*, Betty Grable; *Frankie Christopher*, Victor Mature; *Vicky Lynn*, Carole Landis; *Ed Cornell*, Laird Cregar; *Jerry MacDonald*, William Gargan; *Robin Ray*, Alan Mowbray; *Larry Evans*, Allyn Joslyn; *Harry Williams*, Elisha Cook, Jr.; *Reporters*, Chick Chandler, Cyril Ring; *Asst. District Attorney*, Morris Ankrum; *Florist*, Charles Lane; *Caretaker*, Frank Orth; *Headwaiter*, Gregory Gaye; *Mrs. Handel*, Mae Beatty.

"HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY"—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by Philip Dunne. Based on the novel by Richard Llewellyn. Directed by John Ford. Cast: *Mr. Gruffydd*, Walter Pidgeon; *Angharad*, Maureen O'Hara; *Mr. Morgan*, Donald Crisp; *Bronwyn*, Anna Lee; *Huw*, Roddy McDowall; *Ianto*, John Loder; *Mrs. Morgan*, Sara Allgood; *Cyfartha*, Barry Fitzgerald; *Ivor*, Patric Knowles; *Welsh Singers*, Themselves; *Mr. Jonas*,

Morton Lowry; *Mr. Parry*, Arthur Shields; *Ceinwen*, Ann Todd; *Dr. Richards*, Frederick Worlock; *Davy*, Richard Fraser; *Gwilym*, Evan S. Evans; *Owen*, James Monks; *Dai Bando*, Rhys Williams; *Mervyn*, Clifford Severn; *Evans*, Lionel Pape; *Mrs. Nicholas*, Ethel Griffies; *Motshell*, Dennis Hoey; *Iestyn Evans*, Marten Lamont; *Meilyn Lewis*, Eve March; *Ensemble Singer*, Tudor Williams.

"INTERNATIONAL LADY"—Small-U. A. Screen play by Howard Estabrook. Original story by E. Lloyd Sheldon and Jack DeWitt. Directed by Tim Whelan. Cast: *Tim Hanley*, George Brent; *Carla Nilsson*, Iona Massey; *Reggie Oliver*, Basil Rathbone; *Sidney Grenner*, Gene Lockhart; *Webster*, George Zucco; *Dr. Rowan*, Francis Pierlot; *Bruner*, Martin Kosleck; *Tetlow*, Charles D. Brown; *Mrs. Grenner*, Marjorie Gateson; *Moulton*, Leland Hodgson; *Sewell*, Clayton Moore; *Denby*, Gordon DeMain; *Sir Henry*, Frederic Worlock.

"MALTESE FALCON, THE"—Warners. Screen play by John Huston. Based on the novel by Dashiell Hammett. Directed by John Huston. Cast: *Samuel Spade*, Humphrey Bogart; *Brigid O'Shaughnessy*, Mary Astor; *Ira Archer*, Gladys George; *Joel Cairo*, Peter Lorre; *Lt. of Detectives Dundy*, Barton MacLane; *Effie Perine*, Lee Patrick; *Kasper Gutman*, Sydney Greenstreet; *Detective Tom Polhaus*, Ward Bond; *Miles Archer*, Jerome Cowan; *Wilmer Cook*, Elisha Cook, Jr.; *Luke*, James Burke; *Frank Richman*, Murray Alper; *Bryan*, John Hamilton.

"MEN IN HER LIFE, THE"—Columbia. Adapted by Fredrick Kohner, Michael Wilson and Paul Trivers from the original by Lady Eleanor Smith. Directed by Gregory Ratoff. Cast: *Lina Varfavinga*, Loretta Young; *Stanislaus Rosing*, Conrad Veidt; *David Gibson*, Dean Jagger; *Marie*, Eugenie Leontovich; *Roger Chevis*, John Shepperd; *Victor*, Otto Kruger; *Manilov*, Paul Baratoft; *Rose*, Ann Todd; *Nurdo*, Billy Reyes; *Madam Okenkova*, Ludmila Toretvka; *Lina's dancing partner*, Tom Lavv.

"MERCY ISLAND"—Republic. Screen play by Malcolm Stuart Boylan. From the novel by Theodore Pratt. Directed by William Morgan. Cast: *Warren Ramsey*, Ray Middleton; *Leslie Ramsey*, Gloria Dickson; *Dr. Sanderson*, Otto Kruger; *Clay Foster*, Don Douglas; *Captain Lowe*, Forrester Harvey; *Wiccy*, Terry Kilburn.

"NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK"—Universal. Screen play by John T. Neville and Prescott Chaplin. Original story by Otis Criblecoblis. Directed by Edward F. Cline. Cast: *W. C. Fields*, W. C. Fields; *Gloria Jean*, Gloria Jean; *Butch and Buddy*, Themselves; *Mlle. Gorgeous*, Anne Nagel; *Franklyn Pangborn*, Franklyn Pangborn; *Mrs. Pangborn*, Mona Barrie; *Leon Errol*, Leon Errol; *Oulietta Delight*, Susan Miller; *Mrs. Hemogloben*, Margaret Dumont; *Peter Carson*, Charles Lang; *Steve Roberts*, Emmet Vogan; *Waitress*, Jody Gilbert.

"SAILORS ON LEAVE"—Republic. Screen play by Art Arthur and Malcolm Stuart Boylan. Original story by Herbert Dalmas. Directed by Albert S. Regell. Cast: *Chuck Stephens*, William Lundigan; *Linda Hall*, Shirley Ross; *Swiftly*, Chick Chandler; *Aunt Navy*, Ruth Donnelly; *Gwen*, Mae Clarke; *Mike*, Cliff Nazarro; *Dugan*, Tom Kennedy; *Sadie*, Mary Ainslee; *Bill Carstairs*, Bill Shirley; *Thompson*, Garry Owen; *Sawyer*, William Haade; *Sunshine*, Jane Kean.

"SMILIN' THROUGH"—M-G-M. Screen play by Donald Ogden Stewart and John Balderston. Based on the play by Jane Cowl and Jane Murfin. Directed by Frank Borzage. Cast: *Kathleen*, Mooneyan Clare; *Jeannette MacDonald*; *Sir John Carteret*, Brian Aherne; *Kenneth Wayne*, Jeremy Wayne; *Gene Raymond*; *Reverend Owen Harding*, Ian Hunter; *Ellen*, Frances Robinson; *Willie*, Patrick O'Moore; *Charles (Batman)*, Eric Lonsdale; *Kathleen (as a child)*, Jackie Horner; *Sexton*, David Clyde; *Dowager*, Frances Carson; *Woman*, Ruth Rickaby.

"SWAMP WATER"—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by Dudley Nichols. From the story by Vereen Bell. Directed by Jean Renoir. Cast: *Tom Keefer*, Walter Brennan; *Thursday Ragan*, Walter Huston; *Julie*, Anne Baxter; *Ben*, Dana Andrews; *Mabel McKenzie*, Virginia Gilmore; *Jesse Wick*, John Carradine; *Hannah*, Mary Howard; *Sheriff Jeb McKane*, Eugene Pallette; *Tim Dorson*, Ward Bond; *Bud Dorson*, Guinn Williams; *Marty McCord*, Russell Simpson; *Hardy Ragan*, Joseph Sawyer; *Tulle McKenzie*, Paul Burns; *Barber*, Dave Morris; *Fred Ulm*, Frank Austin; *Miles Tonkin*, Matt Willis.

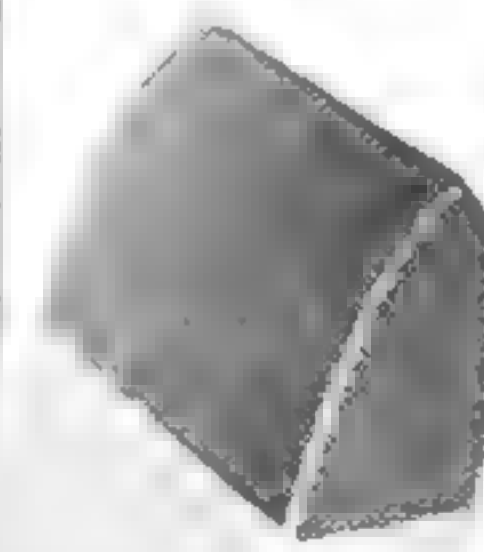
"YOU'LL NEVER GET RICH"—Columbia. Original screen play by Michael Fessier and Ernest Pagano. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. Cast: *Robert Curtis*, Fred Astaire; *Sheila Winthrop*, Rita Hayworth; *Tom Barton*, John Hubbard; *Martin Cortland*, Robert Benchley; *Sonya*, Osa Massen; *Mrs. Cortland*, Frieda Inescort; *Kewpie Blain*, Guinn Williams; *Top Sergeant*, Donald MacBride; *Swivel Tongue*, Cliff Nazarro; *Aunt Louise*, Marjorie Gateson; *Mrs. Barton*, Ann Shoemaker; *Colonel Shiller*, Boyd Davis.

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Brian Donlevy makes a direct hit on the box-office fence without any hitching of wagons to stars in Paramount's "The Remarkable Andrew." In an Andrew-Jackson costume, he does some lot-pacing with Ellen Drew



Inspired soda jerker Jane Withers who can pull some fast tricks with taffy

I'VE just come back from spending the afternoon with Jane Withers and I'm all agog—so much so that I might almost head this account of our visit "Brat Into Beauty." For beauty is now the word for Jane; the chubby, mischievous little monkey whose brat impersonations I've adored ever since I first saw her on the screen has blossomed into a junior glamour girl and her next movie role is practically a "grownup" one, the star of Twentieth Century-Fox's forthcoming "Young America."

More astonishing, though, than Jane's emergence into slim, svelte sub-deb loveliness is the discovery that she wrote the story for her last picture. Perhaps you won't find her name listed as the author—Jane modestly prefers to hide behind a pen name and so far Twentieth Century-Fox has been unable to make her change her mind on this point. But when you see "Small Town Deb" if you read "Screen play by Jerry Walters," just take my word for it that "Jerry Walters" is Jane's nom de plume for her first screen-writing venture.

Jane herself met me at the door and led me upstairs to her "apartment." The "apartment" is Jane's own particular nook. It is on the top floor of the house, where Jane and her gang can romp to their hearts' content without upsetting the rest of the household.

The furniture is sturdy, designed for comfortable sprawling, and the walls are of paneled wood which makes a perfect background for draperies and upholstery of chintz and cretonne. There's a pint-sized piano and a victrola so that Jane's cronies can listen to her wonderful collection of records—classical numbers if they're in the mood for them and the latest jive if they feel like jitterbugging, which they frequently do.

Best of all, the "apartment" boasts a soda fountain (Janie is an inspired "soda jerker") and a stove in which the young hostess prepares the snacks her guests love.

She admits modestly that she's a "pretty good cook," but it's at candy-making that she really shines.

"You bet I like candy," she told me. "I like old-fashioned white taffy and plain fudge and caramels and I can make all those."

She used to have trouble with taffy, but she's proud of the fact that it "really taffies now." Perhaps this is the reason why the snack frequently turns into a good old-fashioned taffy pull. This form of entertainment, incidentally, is just as popular in present-day Hollywood as it was when your great-grandma was a girl, so if you want to be a hostess young-Hollywood style, why not stage a taffy pull of your own. It's loads of fun and easy, too, if you just follow this recipe Jane gave me for taffy which "really taffies."

WHITE TAFFY

½ cup light corn syrup
2 cups sugar
⅔ cup water
1 tsp. vanilla

Mix together all ingredients except vanilla and stir over low heat until sugar is dissolved. Cook without stirring until a drop of mixture poured into cold water will form a hard ball (268 degrees F. on candy thermometer). Remove from heat,

stir in vanilla and pour onto buttered platter.

When mixture begins to harden at edges, work it with a spatula until it is cool enough to handle. Pull until light-colored and porous and cut into pieces.

FUDGE

2 squares chocolate
½ cup dark corn syrup
2 cups sugar
1 tbl. butter
½ cup milk
1 tsp. vanilla

Mix together all ingredients except vanilla (the chocolate should be cut into small pieces). Cook slowly, stirring constantly, until boiling point is reached, then continue cooking, stirring only enough to keep mixture from sticking, until a drop tried in cold water will form a soft ball (238 degrees F.). Remove from heat and allow to cool, then add vanilla and beat until thick. Pour onto buttered platter and cut into squares.

CARAMELS

½ cup light corn syrup
2 cups sugar
4 tbs. butter
1 cup cream
½ cup milk
1 tsp. vanilla

Mix together all ingredients except vanilla and cook until mixture forms a soft ball when tested in cold water (238 degrees F.). Remove from heat, stir in vanilla and pour onto buttered platter. When almost cold, cut into squares.

BY ANN HAMILTON



Our Most Important "TRUCK"

Not the truck that hauls the big guns or moves the army. Not the truck that delivers gasoline or moves pianos or carries the mail.

America's most important "truck" grows in the garden, the truck garden.

ALL VEGETABLES—especially green and leafy ones, yellow ones, roots and kernels—are *vital* to the nation's strength and health. From them come needed amounts of Vitamins A and C and many minerals we cannot live without.

What good would *army* trucks be if the army itself were red-eyed, scurried and anemic from lack of vitamins and minerals?

Fresh, canned, dried or frozen—your green and yellow vegetables are healthful and wholesome. Modern packing and delivery methods are designed to bring them to you with the least possible impairment. But *you* must be careful in the cooking. Save the juices. Don't overcook your vegetables; don't add soda. Don't pare away or throw

away valuable parts.

And here is where America's *cooks* can add untold values to the nation's strength and stamina; the richer, more concentrated foods tend to tempt the taste. Chocolate fudge is easier to "sell" at the table than is spinach. So you, the cooks, must find ways to get more vegetables eaten. Serve salads, garnish your vegetable dishes tastefully, serve a *variety* of them, serve them at two meals every day.

Do this job well and you will contribute just as much to the nation's defense as any soldier or nurse or statesman.

Attractive displays of vegetables, special sales and offers of canned goods are your *dealer's* way of helping to get more vegetables onto the nation's tables. Encourage and support this program our government has for making America strong.

This message is approved by the office of Paul V. McNutt, Director of Defense Health and Welfare Services. It is brought to you as our contribution to National Nutritional Defense by Photoplay-Movie Mirror.

THE MAGIC FOODS

It takes only a few kinds of simple foods to provide a sound nutritional foundation for buoyant health. Eat each of them daily. Then add to your table anything else you like which agrees with you.



MILK AND CHEESE—especially for Vitamin A, some of the B vitamins, protein, calcium, phosphorus. Vitamin D milk for the "sunshine" vitamin.

MEAT, eggs and sea food—for proteins and several of the B-Complex vitamins; meat and eggs also for iron.



GREEN AND YELLOW vegetables for B vitamins, Vitamin A, Vitamin C and minerals.

FRUITS and fruit juices—for Vitamin C, other vitamins and minerals.



BREAD, enriched or whole grain, and cereals with milk or cream, for B vitamins and other nutrients.

Enough of these foods in your daily diet and in the diets of all Americans will assure better health for the nation, will increase its energies to meet today's emergencies.

Food will build a NEW America

How Not to Trim Your Christmas Tree—Laraine Day

(Continued from page 34) trick sets of cosmetics complete with powder base, eye shadow, lipstick, powder, cleansing cream and tooth paste; (c) two bottles of bath crystals; and (d) a utilitarian kitchen apron, made by the lily-white hands of a well-meaning but thoughtless person.

After this recital, Laraine laughed ruefully. "I'm not ungrateful, really I'm not. I just can't bear to think of givers spending good money on useless gifts. With the same amount which, annually, is put into frivolous items that become dresser-drawer litter, one can buy clever pertinent gifts."

The best insurance, according to Laraine, that one can have against Christmas' being a deluge of disappointment is a tactful mother. One Christmas, Laraine's mother gave her a suit. Quietly she mentioned this fact to a number of relatives and intimate friends who always remember Laraine. The result was spectacular. One friend gave a matching purse; an aunt selected a blouse to match and one to contrast; Laraine's twin brother gave her gloves and half a dozen key-toned stockings. How's that for making a girl's eyes shine like lighted candles?

However, the incandescence in Laraine's eyes nearly blew a fuse that afternoon when a bowl filled with goldfish and little shell castles was delivered by messenger. "I've never liked the expression of goldfish anyway; they leer when they look at you," she says.

To sum up the grievances listed above, it becomes clear that gifts for girls fall into three divisions: the "too, too taboo;" the "give with restraint" and the "kiss

me quick, I'm all agog."

Taboo Gifts

Taboo are clothes hangers and closet gadgets, as well as those gorgeous satin envelopes for hankies, nighties, etc., etc., unless an extremely adroit campaign has been launched to find out the color scheme of the person's room. Pets of all sorts are out, on the ground that a welcome gift expresses a compliment but should not impose an obligation. Candy, that beloved old standby, is wonderful in small quantities, but who ever heard of a little candy at Christmas. Any girl who has a serious diet afoot is going to tell a white lie when she thanks you for several pounds of temptation.

Give-With-Restraint Gifts

Perfume is a delightful gift only when you are positive that you've chosen the recipient's pet brand. Recipe for finding out pet brand goes like this: Say, "Ah, how does a girl manage to smell like moonlight and honeysuckle and a pine forest at the same time?" She will answer, "Oh, this is just the last of my bottle of Midnight in Arabia." Your cue is to run, do not walk, to the nearest notebook and write the brand opposite the girl's name.

Stockings, especially in these hazardous days, are a gift from the gods, but be sure the size is right. Tactic to secure this information goes thus: "What slim feet you have! What size shoe do you wear?" When she tells you, just add three and you have her stocking size. Now you know why you took arithmetic in gram-

mar school.

Gloves, particularly high colors such as red or green or the heavenly new blue, are brilliant ideas, but the only way to get the right size in this case is to steal a pair of her old ones, check for size and return as inconspicuously as possible.

Jewelry, of course, is an item Emily-Posted as a proper gift only for an engaged girl from her ring-master.

Kiss-Me-Quick, I'm-All-Agog Gifts

Under this heading belong such things as monogrammed handkerchiefs or stationery.

Any monogrammed item, in fact, gives that "This has been planned for you" touch to a gift.

Laraine says that every girl she knows would adore a heroic-sized purse in some high color to brighten a wintry black suit or to dramatize a fur coat.

Miss Day, speaking again, says sensibly, "Every girl, whether she is living at home or has an apartment, likes to have sets of really nice silver, china and glassware started for her. One crystal goblet, accompanied by a note to the effect that it is the initial member of a set to follow at holiday intervals, isn't any more expensive than some foolish gimcrack that will have been forgotten by February tenth. One good demi-tasse cup, or one piece of sterling flatware are forever-and-aye gifts and, comparatively, they aren't expensive."

There's no doubt about it: Christmas is a great Day. And so, you'll agree after studying the Yuletide yummys above, is Laraine.

THE END

How Not to Trim Your Christmas Tree—Jeffrey Lynn

(Continued from page 35) lanky fur.

Don't, please, please don't give your giftee one of those matched toilet sets unless you are quite positive that you know his taste.

Cigarette lighters, while an impressive gift to open, are soon foiled by human laziness, according to Jeffrey. He says that every time a man buys a pack of cigarettes he is handed a book of matches which are convenient and disposable. He may carry a lighter for a time, but the first time the flint wears out or the fluid is exhausted—clunk! the lighter is dropped into the top dresser drawer!

Diffidently, Jeffrey broached one of the more delicate Yuletide subjects. There seems to be a tendency upon the part of the more photogenic sex to give itself in tinted miniature or white leather frame, to be set on the boy friend's desk or bureau. As time goes by, this year's camera cutie gives place to next—or worse, the new photograph is superimposed over the old. So don't have a picture taken for a man unless you are engaged to him and the wedding date is set. Otherwise the day may come when some man's wife will be laughing at the way you looked in that hat.

"I SHOULD think I've spread enough gloom," opined Jeffrey, smiling. I don't believe in criticising a system unless I can offer some constructive comment once the kicking is done. Now that I've growled out a lot of don'ts, how about my giving some do's?"

See? That's what they mean in Hollywood when they say Jeff is on the beam.

To begin with the Small-Remembrance Department: If a man smokes, a carton

of his favorite brand is always a slip-proof present. Books have to be carefully chosen, but they are appreciated. For instance, if your A.W. (amateur wolf) gives after-dinner speeches at school or in business, a collection of famous quotations will give him that Flattered Feeling. If he's a ham, find out what technical radio book he'd like to have. While we're on the subject of reading matter, there's no more lasting gift than a subscription to his pet magazine.

"But the fastest way to a man's heart," explains Jeffrey, "is by way of his favorite sport."

If he skates, check to find out whether he has a good pair of blade guards. If your present dares swoop over to the lavish side, how about one of those Swedish wind-resistant jackets that turn zero blasts to zephyrs.

For the hunter there is no more Christmas—and precautionary—gift than a red shirt. Or a red shirt AND a red wool jacket AND a red knitted cap.

When he isn't hunting in this garb, you can stand him in the window as a Yuletide candle.

A boy who has a nice racket—either tennis or badminton—will let you muscle in to the extent of providing a good press. If he already owns a press, how about a can of birdies, or a dozen tennis balls?

"Of course," Jeffrey forestalled an expected complaint, "so many girls want to give something that can be kept forever. Unfortunately, most men aren't a third as sentimental as girls are. They don't care how long a present lasts if it is useful while it lasts. And at Christmas the prime idea is to please the receiver, not to satisfy one's own desire for perpetuity."

If your heartbeat is a golf whiz, give him a set of golf mittens for his club. And the score on the sale slip will be way below par.

For the fisherman, there's nothing quite like a tackle box. If your honey already has one, he'll develop a gleam in his eye when he unwraps an assortment of dry flies.

"What about a gift for a boy in camp?" Mr. Lynn was asked.

Jeffrey thought gifts for the military should be divided into three groups: those under ten dollars in price; those under twenty-five dollars; and sky's-the-limit.

Under ten dollars, an order for a carton of cigarettes to be shipped once a month for six months is a bull's eye. So is a year's subscription to a weekly magazine. Monogrammed handkerchiefs and a small steel strong box with a stout lock for the preservation of personal gadgets would be welcome. Stationery (with envelopes *unlined*) falls into the gentle hint department.

Under twenty-five dollars, you can get a compact portable radio—the smaller the better. You can order a box of fancy foodstuffs to be sent to him each month. How about an electric razor, or a good traveling bag if his is getting scuffed?

If the sky really is the limit, don't be bashful. Write to him and ask him outright what he wants for Christmas, barring an honorable discharge.

"And what do you, personally, want for Christmas, Mr. Lynn?" we asked.

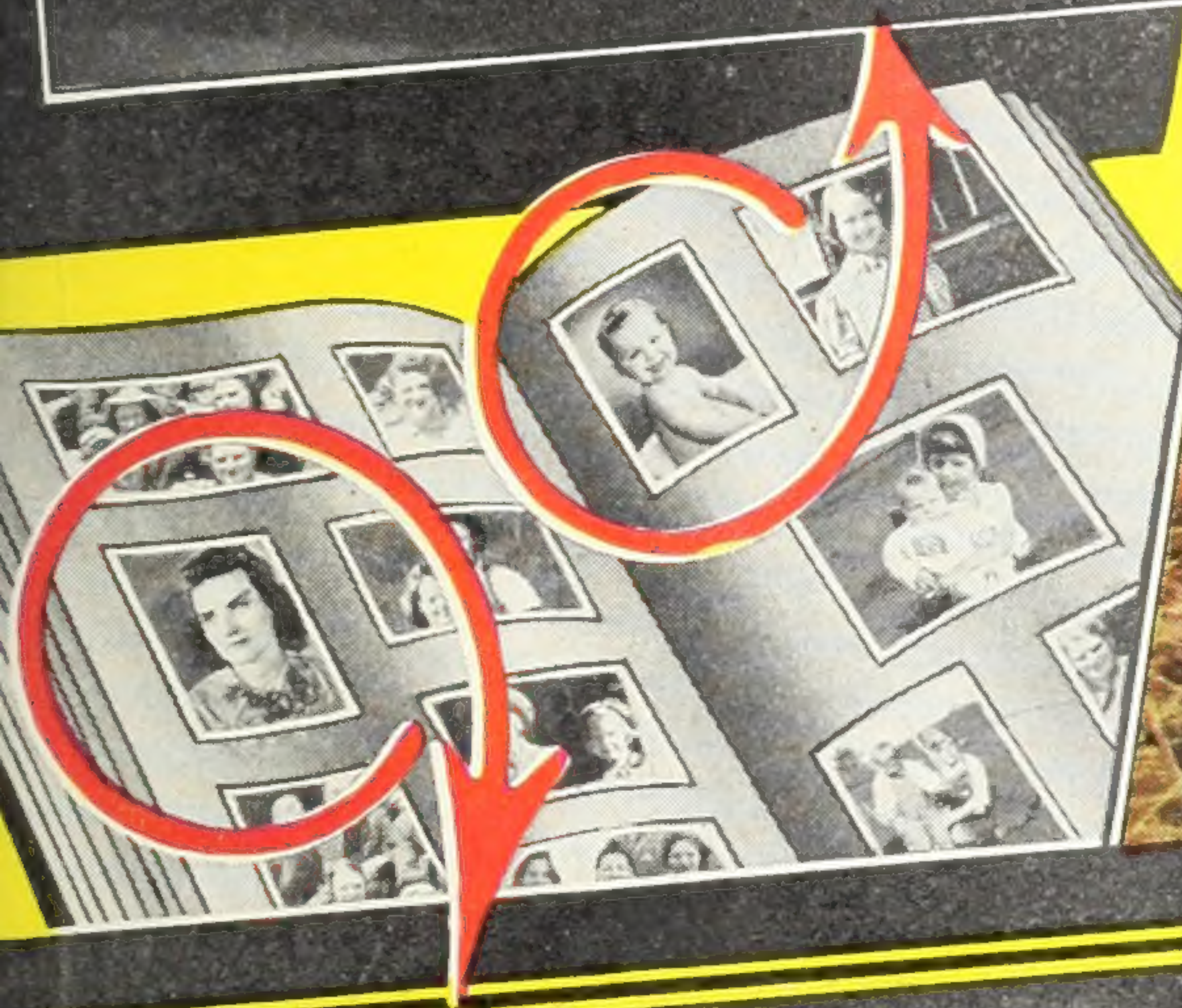
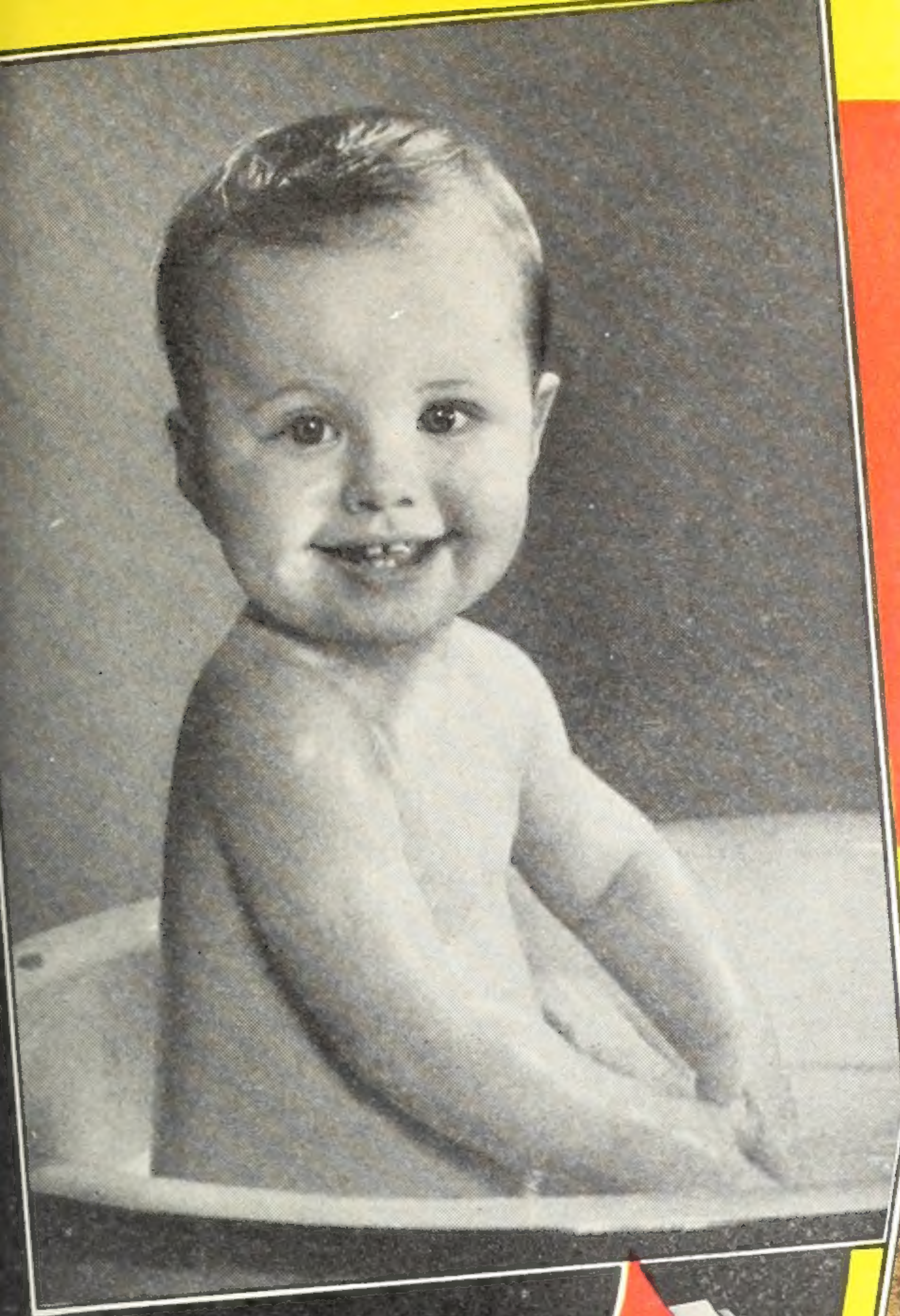
His answer proves that men, no matter how suave and intelligent, can still be present-problems. "Gosh," he said, rumpling his hair, "I don't know."

Well, Merry Christmas, anyhow.

THE END

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Leslie Morris

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PETITE and charming, Leslie Morris (*seated, smoking a Camel*) wears a soft suit of her own design...navy wool frosted with ermine lapels. Noted for her magnificent interpretation of the simple, she seasons a red wool sheath with a jacket embroidered in gold thread, banded in mink. "All the time I'm smoking a Camel," she says, "I enjoy it thoroughly. So much milder—and full of marvelous flavor! My guests prefer Camels, too, so I buy my Camels by the carton."

AT LEFT, a distinctive Leslie Morris silhouette of flame-blue velvet...diaphanous star-studded veil. Prominent among designers who are making America the source of fashion, Leslie Morris says: "I find it's more fun to smoke Camels. They're grand-tasting—just couldn't be nicer!"



AT RIGHT, baroque evening gown from the Leslie Morris winter collection at Bergdorf Goodman. White slipper satin appliquéd with velvet scrolls...inspired by the ruby-and-diamond shoulder clip.



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